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THE SWALLOW'S RETURN.

Ritorno della Rondinella.

[The following Liberty song is now being sung in Central Italy by the masses of the people, in unison with the military bands:—]

Gentle wanderer, Rondinella,
Flitting round on rapid wing,
What good tidings, say, this morning
To my casement dost thou bring?
Tell, oh, tell me in thy language
I am listening, Rondinella.

Saw'st thou not at Solferino
How the Princes of Lorraine
Cried aloud, as they were flying
Ne'er to see our land again:
"We shall hear no more the language
That thou speakest, Rondinella."

Hast thou seen the gallant Zouave,
With his weapon gleaming bright,
Fighting gladly, fighting gaily
For the triumph of the right,
In the suffering land, whose language
Is most gentle, Rondinella?

Hast thou seen our sons in battle,
With the fearful bayonet,
Rushing on a race accursed,
As in deadly shock they met,
And who did not speak the language
Of Italia, Rondinella?

Thou who floatest as thou wiltest
Over hill and over plain,
Hast thou heard Italia's children,
For Italia's freedom slain,
Shout when dying, in their language,
"Live, Italia!" Rondinella?

When to other lands thou goest,
Tell the tale of all the woe,
The long-suffering, and the anguish
Those we love have known, and know,
most pathetic language,
an Rondinella!

ect and gentle warbling,
ations far and wide
eople of Italia
ever more divide;
orn, in her own language,
ch, Rondinella.

Le' a ca . unfurled in spring-time,
Shall be the signal of our joy.
Shall flame upon Italia's banner—
It is the *Red Cross* of Savoy,
Who has promised, in her language,
Liberty! oh, Rondinella.

THE QUAKER PARTISANS.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

When the pursuers reached the bottom of the slope, there was no appearance of those they were pursuing, and, to ordinary eyes, no trace of their passage. Here Frank's early training in running by scent, as it were, came into play. The dawn had broken, and as the gray light stole over the sky, the group stood around Frank, who was crouched on one knee carefully examining the ground in the still imperfect light.

"I've got it, by the hokey!" said he, raising his head and looking a little in advance; "stand away, you in front there, 'till I see how it leads out."

The group separated, and Frank, rising to his feet, ran his eye for a moment along the ground, and exclaimed,

"Yes, there it goes, as plain as a wagon road;" and then, taking the lead of the party, fell at once into a long loping trot, dodging in and out among trees, around clumps of bushes, his eyes mostly fixed upon the ground a short distance in advance, but losing no unusual appearance among the bushes which grew thickly along the course they were pursuing, never halting, or hesitating for a moment, except, occasionally, at a remark from some one, louder than he thought prudent, when he would turn half around, put his finger on his lip, shake his fist at the offender, and then resume his trot, with a speed which kept them busy to avoid falling behind.

"How many of them are there, Frank?" said Bettle, who was pressing on beside him.

"Ten hosses; one of 'em's lame."

"How do you know the number?" said Bettle.

"Tracks; plenty o' sign," said Frank, laconically, for he never wasted words or vouchsafed minute information when on a trail.

"Any footmen?"

Frank shook his head impatiently, and the party moved on in silence for half an hour more, when he suddenly stooped, picked up something which lay on the ground, and stopped short, with his finger on his lip.

"What is it?" inquired Barton, who happened now to be nearest him.

Frank handed him a woman's slipper, simply saying,

"Jenny's; 'st; not a hundred yards off!"

"How do you know that?" exclaimed Bettle, who had seized the slipper unceremoniously.

"Warm," said Frank; "put your hand inside; not been off two minutes. She's dropped it o' purpose."

Bettle thrust his hand into the slipper, and found that the keen guide was right, for the warmth of the foot from which it had dropped or been plucked, still lingered about it.

"Well, push on then," said Bettle, impatiently, "push on, and don't give them time to get out of reach."

"Easy, Leftenant, easy," said Frank, quietly, "if you want to git the gal agin, alive, they mustn't see or hear us 'till we strike."

"What do you mean?" inquired Bettle, anxiously.

"Why, lookee here! if it's any o' Rawdon's gang, an' I'm afeard it is, they're jest the fellows to cut her throat or shoot her, sooner an' let us git her, or be bothered with her in a race, if we go at 'em bull-headed, and let 'em see us in time."

Bettle bit his lip 'till the blood came, for he was in a fever of excitement, but he saw the wisdom of Frank's advice, and acquiesced at once. He explained it rapidly to Barton, and the whole party stood silent, awaiting the development of Frank's plan.

The latter continued,

"There's a farm-house about half a mile furder on, an old Tory's, where I reckon they'll halt an' git breakfast, if they don't hear us after 'em; that 'll be the time to light on 'em; I'll go on now, an' the rest o' you keep about fifty yards behind, but don't git out o' sight; when I want you, I'll beckon."

So saying, Frank resumed his march, but much more slowly and cautiously than before, the others following at the same pace at about the distance he had named.

Bettle, who had retained possession of the shoe, which he would have considered it sacrilege to throw away, was a little embarrassed to know what to do with it, but finally thrust it into his belt for temporary safe keeping.

As yet none of the party had caught a glimpse of those they were pursuing, but simply followed on in a blind reliance on Frank's judgment. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes after their last start, however, they saw him stop and beckon to them.

When they reached the spot where he was standing, they found themselves near the edge of the wood, with a meadow in front of them, beyond which, at about a hundred yards distance, stood the farm house of which Frank had spoken. In the yard stood ten horses, all of whose riders except three, had dismounted; and in these three, Bettle, Frank, and the two brothers at once recognized Jenny Sanford and her father and mother.

Some of the men about them appeared to be urging them to dismount, and one raised his hand and attempted to take Jenny's for the purpose of assisting her. She shook her head and withdrew her hand out of his reach.

Finally the party went into the house-leaving Jenny and her parents, with two men to guard them, having first taken the precaution of hobbling their horses so that they could not run.

Our party saw all these manœuvres, and prepared for work. Adjoining the meadow and the woods, stretching past the back of the house, and then sweeping around it on the farther side close to the fences was a large cornfield. Into this Frank at once plunged and led his party rapidly towards the house.

"If we only had a couple of Johnny Mac Allan's boys with their long rifles here," muttered Frank, "we could fix this off beautiful."

"How?" said Barton.

"Pick off the guards while we got into the house; but our carbines can't be trusted for such nice work."

"We *must* secure the guards first," said Barton.

"Or the gal's dead, an' most likely the old folks, too," said Frank; "I know the two scoundrels that's standin' guard."

On the side of the house next the woods was a kind of out-house, used as a shelter for the pump, and as a summer kitchen; next to this was the corn-crib, not exactly adjoining, but with a space of perhaps three feet between it and the out-house.

When they reached the part of the cornfield immediately behind this, Frank ordered a halt; the command of the expedition had been tacitly allowed to him, or rather he had assumed it as a matter of course, as being the only man there who could conduct it, and his orders were obeyed implicitly.

"Fust an' foremost," said he, "them two guards is got to be got out o' the way afore we can do anything else. Some two of us must sneak on 'em, as soon as the rest's ready to surround the house.

"I'll be one of the two," said Bettle.

"And I'll be t'other," said Mahlon Sanford.

"No, no, Melly," said Frank, "it won't do for you; you're as spry an' lissome as a young painter, but you hain't got the gristle yet to handle a grown man, an' I want these two settled with the knife or tom axe. Leftenant," he added, turning to Bettle, "unless you're determined, you'd better let *me* take your place; you see these men have got to be *killed* out o' hand; it won't do to try any half an' half doins; you wouldn't want to cut a fellow's throat or split his skull right alongside o' *her*, would you?"

"No, I would not," said Bettle; "but why kill them at all?"

"Cause two of us couldn't take 'em both at once; an' if either of 'em gits time to shoot or strike, it 'll be right at the gal or the old folks."

"Why not shoot them from the cornfield on the other side?"

"Too much *risk*; might miss; might hit the wrong person; might only wound 'em, an' that 'nd spile all; better let Dandy Harry an' me manage it," said Frank, who, if he did not appreciate Harry's music, did fully appreciate his uncommon strength and activity, as well as his reckless bravery.

Bettle reluctantly acquiesced in this plan, and the party proceeded to put their design into execution.

Frank and Harry stole cautiously around through the corn, while the rest divided; some guarding the back of the house, while the others passed quietly through the opening between the corn-crib and the out-house, and remained just out of sight around the corner of the latter.

Jenny and her parents were seated on their horses, looking eagerly across the meadow towards the woods from which they had recently emerged, and the two guards kept their eyes in the same direction. The Tories were at breakfast in the best parlor, which was on the opposite side of the house, opening upon a space not more than a rod in width between it and the edge of the cornfield where Wheeler and his men were concealed.

"Tommy," said one of the guards, whining his words with a sarcastic drawl through his nose, "Tommy, does thee expect anybody to come aout the woods yonder to help thee aout the hands o' the Philistians, Tommy?"

The old man made no answer, nor did Jenny, to whom the other was addressing some ironical pleasantries of the same kind. Neither of them was aware of light steps stealing through the grass behind them, and they continued their brutal taunting; and the one who was speaking to Jenny growing bolder, and irritated by her silence, had on his lips a vile and obscene jest when a blow from a tomahawk, clearing through cap and skull to the eyebrow, spoiled its point by interrupting its utterance at once and forever. At the same instant the other received a downward stab from Harry's knife, which struck him at the base of the neck just within the collar bone. Both men fell in their tracks as if struck by lightning.

Before the prisoners had recovered from their astonishment, three rapid strokes of Frank's knife had cut the hobbles, the gate was opened, and he exclaimed, "Ride now, ride for your lives! Back across the meadow into the woods an' wait there."

THE INTERCEPTED MESSENGER.

Prompt, quick-witted, and possessed of that invaluable faculty of obeying an order instantly and without question or explanation, Jenny gave rein to her horse and flew through the gate in the direction indicated.

Martha was less wise and began to ask what they were to do in the woods, when Frank unceremoniously cut short her queries by seizing her horse by the head, running him through the gate, and starting him, by a furious kick in the ribs, at full speed after Jenny, who was flying across the meadow, with her father following close behind.

The Tories, as I have said, were at breakfast in the best room on the opposite side of the house from where these things occurred. The leader, who was in fact Rawdon's lieutenant, and a worthy successor of that estimable individual, while doing ample justice to the good things that were bountifully supplied, kept his ears wide open; for, suspecting strongly that Clayton's force was still on the Rock, he was far from feeling a comfortable degree of assurance that Jenny's call for help as they passed it, would not be answered yet.

He was on the point of rising to order the prisoners to be brought into the house, where they might be under his own eye, when his quick ear caught the faint crash of Frank's tomahawk, as he struck down the guard. The next instant he heard his voice, and the quick patter of hoofs as the horses galloped from the yard.

"What the d—l!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet, and sending his chair spinning through the paper screen that closed the fireplace, "the prisoners are off, follow!"

He darted into the next room towards the yard, but stopped when half way across it, for in the door stood Bettle and Barton, right in his path sword in hand, and each of the two windows was darkened by the figures of men with levelled carbines. Behind the two officers, in the outhouse, he saw other armed men also.

"Drop your sword," said Barton; "your game is played out; you are prisoners."

The other Tories had gathered into the room by this time, however, and their leader, recovering from his first surprise, shouted to them, "Fire, men, fire! and sweep the windows!" and, drawing a pistol from his belt, fired at the two who were standing in the doorway.

Bettle had sprung in front of his companion towards the Tory as the latter spoke, but staggered back a step or two, a the report of the pistol.

"Are you hit, Bettle?" said Barton, throwing his arm out to catch him, as the room filled with smoke from a dozen carbines fired through the windows.

"Not hurt," said Bettle, recovering his balance, and touching the shoe at his waist, in the heel of which the ball was half buried, "at them, boys!" and springing forward again, his sword crossed with that of the Tory leader.

The men poured in through the door and windows, receiving a hurried random fire from the enemy's pistols, and then the small room was for a few moments, a confused hurly burly of clinking sword blows and cracking pistols, and clouds of smoke, thick with the oaths and curses of the Tories, for the Rangers fought as they always did, with clenched teeth and in silence.

It was getting too hot for the Tories, and they attempted to retreat through the room they had just left, but found their retreat cut off by the balance of the Rangers who had forced their way into the house from the back, and now held them covered with their carbines.

"Don't thee think it's about time to stop?" said Wheeler mildly, as he seized the foremost man by the collar, and held the point of his sword to his throat: "If thee makes any resistance, I'm afraid I shall have to constrain thee;" and, as he spoke, the Tory felt a slight pricking pressure upon his throat, just upon the "Adam's apple," that admonished him strongly of the folly of further resistance.

"I surrender, on quarters and fair treatment," said he, sullenly.

"I reckon thee'll just *surrender*," said Wheeler in the same placid tone; "thee and all thy men can do it, alive or dead, just as you choose; but you'll *do it*."

All the combatants were by this time in the breakfast room, and Wheeler, who still kept his hold on his prisoner, spying Barton, said:

"This friend wants to make terms, Levi; thee's captain here; shall he have them?"

"Yes; such terms as Captain Clayton chooses to give; are you the commander of this gang of banditti?" said Barton addressing the Tory.

The fellow glared at him savagely for a moment, and nodded.

"Do you surrender?"

"Yes," said the other grinding his teeth; what's the use of trying to fight with only three men against twenty?"

"Not much," said Barton, "you might have discovered that before; order your men to lay down their arms."

This ended the fight; the victory was won, it remained to see at what cost.

Ah! that cost, that cost! *It* always comes in at a victory, like the skeleton in the old Egyptian feasts. Man goeth not a warfare at his own charges, but he pays heavy charges after the warfare, nevertheless.

There, in the front room, beneath the window through which he had sprung, lay Mahlon Sanford, dead.

Beside him lay a gigantic trooper, with the upper part of his face crushed out of all semblance to humanity, by a blow from a carbine butt; and standing there, with one foot pressing heavily upon the broad chest, his arms folded, his brows drawn together, and his lips compressed to a ghastly whiteness with the intense agony of his grief, was John Sanford. His carbine with its blood-splashed butt, lay where it had fallen across the trooper's thighs, unnoticed. The body of the Tory leader (the one who had surrendered to Barton had assumed command on the death of his superior) lay in the middle of the room where Bettle had struck him down; the men were standing around in mute sympathy, for Mahlon was a favorite with them all, but the brother saw nothing but the slight boyish form which lay motionless before him. At last Bettle, wishing to rouse him from his stupor, touched his arm and spoke to him, "John"—but his voice faltered.

The single word broke the spell, however, and John turning suddenly, seized Bettle's hand with both his own and wringing it, exclaimed passionately,

"Oh, Bettle, Bettle! how shall I tell this to mother? The youngest, her pet, her darling! How can I go and tell her he's dead?" and the strong man broke down utterly; and, burying his face in his hands, shook all over with the convulsive sobs that burst forth uncontrollably.

Tears were trickling down the bronzed faces of the wild Rangers who were gathered around, over cheeks that had not been wet by tears for many a day.

At last Harry went to John, and passing his arm across his shoulders, walked into the yard with him, saying in a low voice, "Come, John, you'd better not stay here any longer. Leave Melly to us; we'll do all that remains to be done for him."

"He must be brought with us," said John.

"Of course; we'd better take him to the Rock for the present, and then we can decide what shall be done," said Harry.

"We must get back as soon as possible, for there's no telling how many of the scoundrels in the neighborhood have heard the firing, and —— halt there!"

The sudden exclamation was drawn from Harry by a glimpse of a shadow flitting across the space between the corncrib and the outhouse. Darting through the passage he dove into the cornfield, and disappeared for a moment: there was a sound of scuffling among the corn, and then Harry re-appeared, dragging after him a stout boy who was hanging back, whimpering and protesting that he "wan't goin' to do no'hin'; he wan't on'y jest goin' to the spring-house."

"That's right in the middle of the meadow here," interrupted Harry. "Sonny, when you undertake to lie to an old bird like me, you ought to tell a straighter one; this one's as crooked as the route you were taking to the spring; now, where are the soldiers you were going to see?"

The boy remained in sullen silence.

"Oh! very well," said Harry, perceiving that the other Rangers were all in the yard ready to move, four of them in the rear, bearing the body of Mahlon, which lay on a shutter they had lifted from the old-fashioned strap hinges which sustained it, a pillow under his head, and a clean white sheet laid carefully over him; "now, my son, you're going with us; you're going to have the post of honor in front, between me and this gentleman," pointing to Frank—"and at the first sound you make above a whisper, the first sign you make with head or foot or hand, or the first appearance of an attack on us, sign or no sign, *you'll die in your tracks*, whoever else escapes."

The boy, though not particularly sharp witted, was brilliant enough to understand these practical remarks, and took his place submissively between Harry and Frank, and they moved silently and sadly across the meadow towards the woods, where they joined the Sanfords. Thence, towards the Rock, without farther alarm or disturbance, Jenny and her father riding on one side of the rude bier, and Martha, with her other son at her bridle, on the other.

About half a mile from the Rock, the men in advance stopped, and Frank leaving his charge, on whose arm Harry instantly fastened a grip like a vice, whispered a moment to Barton, who nodded.

"Is the way clear from here to the Rock?" inquired Frank, returning to their involuntary guide; "listen afore you answer. The rest are goin' on; you're goin' to stay here with me an' Harry 'till we're ready to move. Now, if anything goes wrong, by the hokey! you know what you're got to look for."

The boy asseverated strongly that he—"Be derned if there was a Tory nearer 'n five miles off, as he know'd on."

Frank nodded to Barton, who moved on with his party, while he and Harry coolly seated themselves on a log, with their prisoner between them.

In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes more a long, shrill whistle came from the direction of the Rock.

"There's Sam Diller," said Harry, "he has a pipe like ten thousand plovers."

"They're there, all safe, then," said Frank, "now you may go home; if you see any of the Tories, tell 'em we've got fifty men on the rock ready for 'em."

After the boy had gone, Harry said to Frank, "I supposed we stopped here to keep that young scoundrel from seeing what force we had; what the deuce made you tell him?"

"Why, lookee here!" said Frank, "'cause he's jest about sharp enough to make certain I was a-lyin', or if he ain't, so much the better; 'cause if he tells any of the Tories, they'll make sure I was, an' be afraid o' gittin' into a trap."

The two men now went on to the Rock, where they found, in addition to those who had gone on in advance, long Johnny Mac Allan, his wife and their three daughters.

The women were sitting apart with the Sanfords, beside the body of Mahlon, while Mac Allan was talking earnestly to Clayton.

Martha Sanford gave way to no noisy demonstrations of grief, but sat motionless, her hands crossed in her lap, her eyes fastened on her boy.

Her husband sat near her, his features clothed with that rigid, stony, almost fearful calmness which belongs to feelings forcibly and sternly kept down.

Jenny sat between, weeping silently but plentifully, the only one to whom the relief of tears had come.

"Oh! William, William," said the mother, at last, as Bettle drew near with John Sanford, "didn't thee promise me my boy should not go to battle; how could thee let him?"

"It wasn't William's fault, mother," said her son, gently; "if he or any of us could have stopped him, we would; but he and one of the men were out ahead of all the rest, as soon as we heard Jenny call; and when we surrounded the house, he got into another division, and William and I both lost sight of him 'till it was too late."

"I don't understand it all, John; I only know my boy is dead."

At this moment, Clayton, having finished his conversation with Mac Allan, approached Martha, and taking her hand, said earnestly,

"We all share thy grief, Martha; we all mourn for him, for he had endeared himself even to the wildest and roughest of the men; not one of them but would have saved him at the cost of his own life if it could have been; but it was ordered otherwise, and we must only bow to the will of Him who holds all our lives in His hand."

"I know we must, Ellis, but, oh! it's hard,

it's hard; to lose him so suddenly, without any warning, and in such a way. But I will not grieve wickedly for him. The Lord gave him, and He hath taken him in His own good time and in His own way. I will not question His providence."

Clayton led her gently away, followed by Jenny, who clung with both hands to Battle's arm, sobbing convulsively, while Mrs. Mac Allan and her daughters prepared the body for burial, which it was necessary should take place as soon as possible, it being uncertain at what moment they might be attacked or be obliged to forsake the Rock; though Clayton intended to hold it, if possible, until all his scouts had come in.

He had explained the necessity for this apparently hurried burial to the family, and they made no objection.

In the course of an hour, Mac Allan stepped quietly up to Clayton, and informed him that they were ready.

They stood around the shallow grave beside which the boy lay, still upon the shutter, with the sheet wrapped around him, the troopers with heads uncovered and arms reversed, and the stricken family looking sadly at the last they would see on earth of him they all loved so well.

He was lowered on the shutter as he lay, his face covered with a fold of the sheet, some thick branches were laid carefully above him to prevent the earth from touching him when the grave should be filled, and they turned away again, in a silence broken only by the voice of Mike which rose and fell in the Irish "keen" for the dead, with a cadence inexpressibly wild and mournful.

CHAPTER XII.

On Friday night, when the Tories retreated, beaten from the Rock, they scattered at first, in a panic at the loss of their leader. Gradually, however, dropping in, sometimes one at a time, sometimes two or three together, about a hundred of them were assembled in a wild secluded spot beside the creek, which had been previously used as a place of rendezvous after their forays.

They brought no plunder with them this time, however; only chafed tempers, which found vent in a good deal of crimination and recrimination as to their defeat. This brought on a hot discussion as to the strength of the reinforcement which had come up so opportunely. Some averred that they had counted a hundred, some fifty, some twenty; some said they were regulars, some that they were riflemen, some that they were both, and one fellow, besides, swore a huge oath that he had seen two six pounders grinning over the breastwork.

"Yeou be blamed," drawled a sharp nasal voice from the foot of a tree a few feet off, where its owner, who had, until now, taken no part in the conversation, sat leaning against the trunk, engaged in whittling a stick which he had cut from a bush near him for that especial purpose; "there wan't nuo six pounders, nor nuo other kind o' pounders, 'cept them on two legs, an' the cussed, rampin' hosses 'at pounded us daown the bank."

"Wall now, I reckon you'd 'zackly 'zaid the critter, — replied him, "you hain't much chance o' heedin' what there was, the way them long legs o' yourn carried your ugly mug out o' the way, when them big teeth an' thrashin' hoofs come tearin' in among us."

"Yaas," said the other, coolly, "I beat ye, didn't I? I heern them little pins o' yourn a' pittipattin' consider'ble quick arter I passed you, but they were too short to keep up. Naow, I'll tell you what; there wan't no reglars, but there was riflemen, an' mighty good shots too; an' what's more, I know who they were."

"Who were they?" inquired the leader.

"Long Johnny Mac Allan an' his ten double fisted sons; an' naow, I've got a plan; there ain't nobody but the women folks about the old fellow's haouse; let's go an' burn it to pay him for meddlin' with our business."

This proposition was agreed to, unanimously; and, just before day break, under the guidance of the Yankee, they reached the place.

The inmates of the house were aroused by the furious barking of the dogs in the yard, and Keziah, peeping out through one of the loop holes, saw it full of the Tories.

"Up, gals, up an' take to the loop holes, with the rifles," said she; "here's a purty kittle o' fish; if there's one Tory, there's a hundred in the yard; Hannah, you take tother loop hole in front, here; Jemima an' 'Rushy, you take the back ones, an' I reckon we'll give 'em some trouble yit, afore they git in."

The girls each seized a rifle, four of which, with powder horn and bullet pouch for each, all well filled, hung upon their several hooks around the lower room to which all had descended.

Briefly telling Jenny and her parents to place themselves in the corner of the room, out of the line of fire from without, the stout hearted woman thrust the muzzle of her rifle through the opening at which she had stationed herself, and coolly awaited the summons.

"Open the door, in the King's name," said a voice from without.

The only answer was the click of her rifle, as she cocked it.

"Aha," said the leader, whose quick ear had caught the sound, "that's the answer, is it? Surround the house."

It will be remembered that there was a considerable body of footmen attached to the party. These immediately divided, about half of them going around to the rear of the house; while these who were on horseback dismounted, and, leading their horses a little back, tied them among the trees, and then returned.

The leader again ordered the door to be opened; but no answer being received, they proceeded to force it. Their plan for doing this was extremely simple; they procured some from an outhouse where some had been carelessly left in the hurried departure of the men, sat down astout sapling, and raising it in their hands, prepared to make a rush with it at the door.

Keziah had been watching their manœuvres, and as the men poised the sapling in their hands, exclaimed to her daughter, who was guarding the front, with her,

"Now, Hannah, as soon's they git in a run with that pole, I'll give the word, an' do you pick off the foremost on your side."

Hannah nodded.

After "hefting" the sapling once or twice, the twenty men who held it, started for the door at a run. If they had reached it, the door must have gone down, strong as it was. But in the midst of their rush, came, almost as one, the sharp crack of two rifles, one from each side the door, and the two foremost men fell. The sudden loss of support for the forward end of the battering-ram, as it might be called, thus unexpectedly throwing the additional weight and leverage upon those who were next in the rear, caused it to sway downwards, striking the ground, jerking it out of their hands by the sudden check, and bringing it to the earth with a crash, and the whole party down with it, each man tripping up the one behind him.

"Pick yourselves up and try it agin, ye villains," said Keziah, priming her rifle which she had reloaded; "try it agin, if ye want to lose more o' your men; if you don't, clear out and leave us alone! We've shed blood enough for one day."

She was answered by a volley from the muskets in front, the balls from which pattered into the logs around the loophole, and one, better aimed than the rest, passed through it, carrying away her cap and comb, and burying itself in the opposite side about a foot above 'Rushy's head. Keziah only shook her gray locks and laughed.

Hannah's rifle cracked again, but missed; the Tories being so enveloped in the smoke from the muskets, that it was impossible to see any form distinctly.

The fallen men, excepting the two who had been shot and were lying beneath the pole, had by this time regained their feet, and the whole party, in obedience to their leader's command, retreated from the yard to the trees beyond, among which they sheltered themselves from the murderous rifles.

Keziah heard at this moment, a heavy creaking and rattling of wheels at the back of the house, and at the same instant both of her daughters who were stationed at that side called to her in a low voice—"Mother, mother, come here, quick!"

"What's the matter?" said she hurrying over, leaving her rifle, however, poking its muzzle out through its loop-hole, "what is it, 'Rushy?"

"Why, they've got the big wagon across the fence, an' they're loaden it with dry brush; shall I shoot?" said 'Rushy, eagerly.

"My soulds!" said Keziah, in dismay, "if they hain't a-goin to try and burn us up; keep a sharp look out gals, an' pop over every one you kin draw a bead on; we must never let 'em git that wagon up to the house or we're gone! Oh! if the old man an' the boys was only here."

"There's one, mother, with a big bundle afore him, right in range," said Jemina; shall I shoot? I can't see his head."

"Fire at his waistband," said the old woman, sternly; "don't miss him."

"Miss him!" said the girl, cocking her rifle and setting the hair trigger. The report followed—a—[illegible] sprang forward to seize the bundle, but Keziah, snatching the rifle from 'Rushy's hands, darted to the other loop-hole, thrust Jemina away, and called through it—"Drop that, or you're a dead man."

The fellow looked up.

"Drop it I say and go back, or I'll send you after the dog that brought it."

The old woman's temper was now fairly up, and she spoke sharply and sternly, without any more saving clauses about her unwillingness to shed blood, for the danger was of a character that admitted no hesitation.

A momentary pause of irresolution on the part of the Tory, was brought to an end speedily by the crack of Jemina's rifle which 'Rushy had seized and reloaded, and the sight of another of his comrades who was advancing with an armful of brushwood, reeling back, with a ball through his shoulder. Suddenly snatching up the fallen armful which lay at his feet, he made an ineffectual attempt to fling it on the wagon; and then dropping on the ground, rolled rapidly over and over 'till he got behind the latter, his sudden emotion just saving him from the ball which the exasperated Keziah sent after him.

While this was going on in the rear of the house, those in front had not been idle. Screened by the trees, they had wasted an immense deal of powder and lead in firing with muskets at slits in the wall, which it would have required rifles, and hands that knew how to use them, to hit with any certainty at the distance at which they were firing. A constant fire was also kept up by the muskets in the rear from behind the wagon; but with no effect either from front or rear, beyond pitting the solid logs of which the house was built with bullet holes, and gradually filling the air around the house with a thick cloud of smoke.

It was a still sultry morning; the precursor of one of those relaxing, sweltering September days, when not a breath of air stirs, and everything in nature seems asleep, but the heat and the flies; and even the latter are too lazy to let go where they begin to bite; merely sidling off at each brush of the hand, and immediately dropping back to their place, and renewing their stinging attentions.

In consequence of the dead stillness, the smoke, as I have said, hung thick and low around the house; and Keziah perceived, with an uneasiness she did not express, that if it became much more dense, it would not be difficult for some of the Tories to approach the house unperceived. They could only tell where they were now by the flash of their guns and pistols; for the leader, perceiving the advantage the smoke was giving him, quite as promptly as Keziah had done, ordered his horsemen to keep up a fire with their pistols, in order to increase it.

There was little fear of the Tories getting into the house by any means at their command, if they could be prevented from firing the brush in the wagon, and running it up against the house. Should they succeed in that, its destruction was inevitable, for, built entirely of wood as it was, and very old, it would burn like tinder.

It had not been erected by Mac Allan, who had found it deserted and falling to decay when he took possession of it. From its strength, and arrangements for defence, it had apparently been built by some earlier settler, who had less faith in the pacific disposition of the Indians around than they deserved; for in addition to the solid thickness of the walls, the small windows and the loop-holes for firing through, Mac Allan found in the cellar, the sides of which were rudely lined with rough slabs, one slab which appeared to be loose. Trying it, he found it was movable; and pushing it aside, discovered a small opening cut in the earth, wide enough to admit his broad shoulders with tolerable ease. Following this, he found that it led, by a series of roughly cut steps, to the well, descending to a point not far from the water's edge. Leading off to the left was a natural opening, formed by a rift in the stratum of rock which lay beneath the surface of the ground. Making his way through this, though it was much encumbered with rubbish, he proceeded by a very crooked route until he reached a point where it enlarged into a rugged cave, with a floor which had evidently been cleared and levelled to some extent by human hands. It was about eight feet high in the highest part, and was large enough to allow some fifteen or twenty people to be seated comfortably.

It had evidently been used, for the sides and roof were black with smoke and soot, and at one side were a few stones, piled up so as to form a rude fireplace, in which was lying an old iron pot. Satisfied that the fireplace could not have been used without some way for the smoke to escape, he searched around the walls more narrowly by the aid of the candle with which he had provided himself, and discovered a pile of decaying logs and brushwood, which had apparently been thrown carelessly against the wall, to get them out of the way; removing these, he found that they covered another opening beneath a shelving rock, high enough to allow him to pass through on his hands and knees.

Following this for about a rod, he emerged beneath a mass of overhanging bushes, which entirely concealed the opening from without, upon the side of the hill upon which the house was built, about a quarter of a mile distant from it.

The war had begun at the time Mac Allan took possession of the house, and it struck him very forcibly, that it would do no harm to have such a place of retreat ready in case of emergency, though he certainly had not much apprehension of ever being compelled to use it; so he cleared away the rubbish, to the great improvement of the passage leading to the cave, and Keziah and her daughters gave two or three days hard labor to clearing off the soot and smoke from the walls of the cave itself, and then whitewashed it all over! Thus transforming a gloomy dungeon into quite a cheerful looking cell, considering. It had remained in this state, undergoing an occasional renovation with the whitewash brush, ever since.

The well, from which the passage led, was about a rod from the house, directly between it and the wagon behind which a number of the enemy were lying, [illegible] from it and the thick smoke in which it was enveloped.

Keziah's thoughts were now occupied with the means of procuring water, in case the wagon should be fired and brought up to the house.

There was, manifestly, no possibility of doing it above ground, for the well was directly in the line of fire from the wagon. It must be brought, if at all, from below.

"Thomas," said Keziah, approaching the Sanfords, "will you take my rifle and watch at the loop hole, while me an' 'Rushy goes down to the well after water? We must have some, an' that soon."

Thomas Sanford was placed in a cruel strait. On the one side were his lifelong Quaker principles forbidding him to fight or resist. On the other was the consciousness that a family of women, on whom his own had no claim whatever, except that which every human being has upon every other for assistance in time of need, had been fighting for him and his, and were now exposed to imminent danger, arising solely from attempting to protect him. The very service he was now asked to render had grown legitimately out of the danger to which they were exposed. Besides, Quaker though he was, he had, all along, an uneasy feeling that he was allowing Keziah to do work, which, if it must be done at all, belonged properly to him, and not to a woman.

He looked inquiringly at his wife as these thoughts struck him.

"I can't advise, Thomas," said she; "thee must act as thee feels free to do."

"Surely it don't seem right," said he, "that these friends, women, too, should bear all the burden of the danger we have brought on them, and I, the only man here, refuse to help when asked. It don't seem right. I won't."

So saying, Thomas took the rifle from the hands of Keziah and stationed himself at the loop hole she had quitted.

The latter then turned to Jenny and asked her if she thought she could take 'Rushy's place for a little while.

Jenny shook her head with a melancholy smile.

"I'd be of no use there," said she; "I never fired a gun in my life, and don't know how either to aim or load it. But I can do better than that. Do thee take 'Rushy's place, and let her and me bring the water. I've had some practice in that," she added, smiling again faintly.

"To be sure," exclaimed Keziah; "what an old goose I am to think nobody can work but me. Now, down cellar with ye, an' pass up water as fast as ye can, an' I'll get the tubs ready."

The two girls descended to the well by the passage before spoken of, and for the next half hour were busily engaged in passing up water, until four tubs, all the house could boast, were filled. Only one of these was in the lower room, the other three having been taken up stairs and filled there, to be ready when the roof should take fire, there being no doubt that it would be the first thing to go.

The firing from the outside was kept up moderately, the smoke still hanging low and thick, while for sometime, no shot had been fired from within. Just as 'Rushy came up, however, with the last bucket of water, an exclamation of surprise was heard from Jemina, followed instantly by the crack of her rifle, and the exclamation, "missed him; consarn it all."

"Missed who, Jemima?" said her mother, "who did you shoot at?"

"Yankee Nat, that used to live here," said the girl, speaking low between her clenched teeth, and busily reloading her rifle; "if he shows that long nose of his'n in range agin, I reckon he won't git away with it."

The girl's face, which had more pretensions to good looks than that of either of her sisters, was as pale as death, but not with fear, as was very evident from the dilating eyes which were fairly blazing, and the rigid lips which were drawn tightly across the clenched teeth. Indeed Nat, for it was the fellow who had suggested the plan of attacking the house, owed his life to the trembling of Jemima's hand, caused by the sudden overpowering rush of anger which the sight of him had produced.

"Yankee Nat," said Keziah; "is that sneakin', treacherous varmint among 'em? Keep a sharp look out for him, gals, and don't let him git away, if you can see him. We've got an account to settle with him."

"What has he done?" inquired Martha, who, as well as her husband and Jenny, had observed the sudden emotion of Jemima, and did not understand it. "What's the matter?"

"Matter enough," said Keziah bitterly, "he said things to Jemima when he was here, ay, an'—well, no matter; if he had been about the place when the old man an' the boys come home that afternoon, he'd ha' behaved himself forever afterwards."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$3.00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
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Two Copies of THE POST,	5,00
Four " (and one engraving of Niagara Falls)	$9,00
Eight " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	10,00
Thirteen (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	15,00
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Thirty (and one paper extra, and both engravings of Niagara Falls)	30,00

☞ Those who send clubs of *eight, thirteen*, or *twenty* names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

THE NIAGARA [illegible] are large [illegible] engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber.

"THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful steel engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who inclosses us 25 cents.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. E. But it is "a secret"—and for obvious reasons too, if our correspondent will reflect for a moment.

M. Perhaps if your aunt would look through the book herself, she might come to a different opinion as to the danger to be apprehended from its teachings. It is not always safe to pin your faith to the sleeve of any editorial critic—even the critic of THE POST. "Examine all things, and hold fast that which is good."

LOANS TO POOR MEN.

Avoid paying interest on money, for it draws sharper than a blister. Of all industries, none is comparable to that of interest. It works day and night, in fair weather and in foul. It has no sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It gnaws a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound upon a spider's web. Debt rolls a man over and over, binding him hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh till the long-legged interest devours him.

The above paragraph, which is having a wide circulation, undoubtedly contains a degree of truth—and it may be altogether true, when applied to *high rates* of interest. But as to borrowing money at a fair and moderate rate, for the purpose of using it, not in hazardous speculations, but in ordinary and legitimate industrial or mercantile pursuits, the wisdom and safety of so doing are generally very obvious. In fact, a small loan to a poor but shrewd and industrious man, is often the first step to securing him a competency. We say a *small* loan, because where a small loan would do good, a large one would often only ruin the recipient. If such a man as we have described can obtain a little money, especially as a permanent loan, he can often put himself in a way of making four-fold the interest paid by him. Interest, in such a case, instead of "gnawing a man's substance with invisible teeth," and "binding his industry," increases his substance by breaking the fetters which confine his industry to narrow or unprofitable fields.

In fact, a man possessing wealth can hardly do as much good to his fellow beings in any other way, as by loaning a portion of his money in small sums, to poor and struggling men, at a moderate rate of interest. His loans will do far more good than if they were accompanied with the most munificent gifts—and will not lessen his fortune, while they will not weigh so heavily as obligations upon the recipients. As gifts, they might be carelessly invested, or foolishly squandered—but being loans, to be ultimately repaid, they will generally be carefully used, and be promotive of economy and diligence.

And this thing can be safely done, we would inform our wealthy readers. Let us give them certain *facts* in proof of this. The Germantown Bank of this city, is one of the most cautiously managed of such institutions. It has the general reputation of being "a regular old-fogy concern," as "fast" business men would phrase it. And yet, for years, as we have been informed, it has been in the practice of loaning out a certain portion of its weekly income, in sums of not over five hundred dollars, to men of small means, mechanics, tradesmen, &c. Now, we have the best authority for saying, that of the large amount thus loaned during the last ten years, the Bank has lost comparatively nothing. In fact, we think that our informant said, "not one dollar." These small dealers went through the terrible panic years of 1857 and 1858, without the Bank's losing in a single instance by them! They seemed to make it even a point of honor that the Bank should be paid—and the idea of a "run" upon the Bank would have been scouted in Germantown. In fact, during the suspension, the Germantown Bank received more gold and silver from its customers, than it paid out to them.

These facts, we think, should have their proper weight in convincing men of means, and banking institutions also, of the little danger there is in loaning small amounts, at moderate rates of interest, to honest and industrious mechanics, tradesmen, small farmers, &c. And the good done by such loans, as we have said, is very great. They tend to promote the general comfort in pecuniary matters of our population—and, in so doing, to promote education, intelligence, good order, and all virtuous habits.

There is a tendency in the management of Banking Institutions, to overlook the men of small means, and dispense the great mass of their favors to heavy operators. Of course, it is much less troublesome to inquire about the standing and solvency of one man who wants $20,000, than of one hundred men who want an average of $200 apiece; and perhaps a larger rate of interest can be obtained from a reckless speculator than from men pursuing simple and regular callings—but is it the part of wisdom to loan the one, and refuse the two hundred? As to the effect upon the general field of business, there can be no question. It is the difference between pouring out your flood in one roaring and perhaps devastating torrent, or allowing it to permeate the dry earth slowly through two hundred little rills. And as to *safety*, nearly every bank that fails, fails because it has made heavy loans to men who either cannot, or will not, pay them back.

Will not those of our readers who are wealthy, and those who have the management of banking institutions, consider these things? There are multitudes of men in every large city, to whom the loan of a few hundred dollars would be often almost as the breath of life. Let every Bank especially, devote a certain portion of its weekly income to the claims of these, and see whether it has any more reliable class of customers. Do not mystify them with talk about keeping "a large deposit line," or any other of the usual "dodges" to avoid the six per cent. law, but give them their small amounts at the regular legal rate, and see whether the losses from these classes of small dealers, in the next three years, are not less in proportion than from any others.

BEAUTY AND SOFT WATER.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, writing from this city, has the audacity to talk as follows:—

In no one thing do Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, so much disagree as in the appearance of the ladies as they walk out in the daily promenade. Boston and Philadelphia are somewhat alike. The dresses of the ladies are rich, but not showy. In Philadelphia the staid Quaker look abounds. The ladies are intellectual-looking, but plain. They all have a pale, sallow look, as if raised in the shade; and as a body they are far from handsome. A pretty woman on the sidewalk of Chestnut street is a rare sight. But Baltimore is flooded with beautiful women. It may be in the climate—it may be from the style of dress—it may be because they—no matter what—but the ladies of Baltimore drift along Baltimore street in droves of beauty, while the decided showy and often gaudy colors worn attract attention; and this is not in one or two instances, but dozens and dozens pass you all of one style of beauty, and the eye is dazzled with the numbers.

While we take not the least exception to what is said of the ladies of Baltimore, believing it to be the simple truth, we can only account for the nonsense uttered about the ladies of this city, on one supposition. It is evident that the writer of the above has recently "got the mitten" from some fair Philadelphian. With this explanation, his depreciative remarks will not only be allowed to pass without punishment, but their author will be profoundly pitied.

As to the cause of the admitted beauty of the ladies of this city, it may perhaps be found in our excellent Schuylkill water, as we perceive the following statement in a recent English periodical:—

It is said to be a fact that beautiful women most abound in soft-water districts. The poets always knew this. Moore, when he sings of the beauties of Cashmere, calls them, with a pleasant mixture of the lackadaisical and the practical, bright creatures of the valley, who

> Drink beams
> Of beauty from its founts and streams.

The clay slate valley of the Dee, the clay slate and granite lake regions of Cumberland, and the Scotch Highlands, have a standing credit for the clear-skinned maids who dwell about them. Among the Alpine colites and limestones, we find pallid faces, wens, and cretinism. Vegetables are of one mind with animals as to the wholesome sort of drinking water. Foxgloves grow seven feet high where they drink sweet water off clay slate; upon limestone, they seldom attain to more than half that height.

We would inform our fair readers in all the hard water districts, however, that we are not quite certain yet that the softness of the water has anything to do with beauty. Perhaps we shall make a tour through some of the limestone localities, one of these days, just for the purpose of determining whether there is as much beauty where the water is hard as where it is soft. It would be an interesting inquiry—though, perhaps, a dangerous one.

STEPPING BACKWARDS.

The Germantown and Norristown Railroad, of this city, have advanced the price of season tickets to their yearly and quarterly subscribers about 26 per cent.

We should be surprised at this step backwards, had not an experience of ten years, during which we have lived at Germantown, taught us not to be surprised at anything—not positively sensible—that the management of this road might do. Thomas Carlyle complained, some years ago, of the English nobility, that having no other duty laid upon them than to move elegantly in May Fair, and not throw themselves out of the window, they could not be trusted even so far as to keep on the safe side of the panes. It strikes us that a similar complaint might well be made by the stockholders of the railroad in question, relative to its Directors. Providence, which it is said always takes care of children and of fools, has been very kind to the railroad in question. Some are born rich, some achieve riches, and some have riches forced upon them—and in this last class may be placed the Germantown Railroad. One would think that in this favored state of affairs, its managers might be contented to pocket semi-annually their rich returns, and let well enough alone—but no, they must throw themselves out of the window.

There are two rival roads to the road we are speaking of, both, until recently, in a bad way. What, then, is the evident policy of their prosperous rival—why, if we may judge by its recent action, to build them up! Yes, build up the Turnpike railway especially—create a public sentiment that will hail with joy, instead of opposing, the introduction of steam upon that road—play into your principal adversary's hand—and do for him tenfold more than he ever could do for himself!

It is generally considered the part of wisdom, when you are determined to advance prices upon your customers, to try to sweeten the bitter pill with a larger amount than usual of the sugar of courtesy. But, as might be expected, a directly opposite course is pursued by the railroad in question. In proportion as they increase the prices, they decrease their average politeness—very little, at the best. Remonstrances they meet with insult—for, you see, they are determined to go out of the window.

But we have neither time nor patience to deal with the folly of those managers. We have known them through their works, as we have said, for the last ten years. Of Charles the second it was declared, "He never [illegible] foolish thing, and never did a w[illegible] They resemble Charles, with this [illegible] their words are as foolish as their [illegible]

One thing we may add, to the st[illegible] of the road:—Gentlemen, the hur[illegible] have gone out to live at German[illegible] re done so under an implied [illegible] the rates of travel should not be raised [illegible] them. The interests of those who have pu[illegible]sed property, are to a great degree yo[illegible] interests. The present course of your Board of Directors is injurious to them, and suicidal to you. So evident is this to all impartial men, that it might be well for you to inquire for yourselves upon what facts and figures the present course is based; and also as to whether there can be any other interests than the ostensible ones, at the bottom of the movement. If there are no facts nor figures warranting what has been done, and if there really be other interests moving in this matter than the apparent ones, then it may be the part of wisdom to make a change in your Board of Directors. For, as we suppose, you would rather see your stock at 50, than down to 35 or 40 dollars some six months hence—and would rather be on good terms, than on bad terms, with your principal customers.

——Since writing the above, we have heard that the Directors of the road are to have another meeting, to reconsider this matter. Their decision may reach our city readers before this article reaches them, and the company may determine to act sensibly for once, just for the novelty of the thing. But, as this seems so very improbable, we let our article stand. Its general tone is correct, even if it should no longer apply in this particular instance.

CHICAGO.—A block of sixteen brick and stone buildings, 320 feet long, and from 90 to 140 feet deep, weighing over 25,000 tons, was raised a distance of 4 feet 10 inches, by means of screws, last week in Chicago, Illinois. This tremendous feat was accomplished at the rate of about one foot per day, by means of 6,000 screws.

Many of our readers may not know that Chicago, as originally built, was placed on so low a level, that it is difficult to obtain good drainage. The inhabitants therefore have resolved to raise their city four or five feet—and, in many places, this necessitates the raising of the houses, if the first floors are to be kept above the level of the side-walks. When we were in Chicago, several years ago, in walking the streets you were continually going down and up steps, from high to low pavements, and from low to high. Chicago will be one of the handsomest cities in the country, when it is finished. There is a great deal of "style" especially, in its first class dwellings, and in its public buildings.

☞ The children of the late Dr. Augustus E. Jessup, in deference to what they believe an intention of their father which he had omitted to carry out, have proposed to pay to the "Academy of Natural Sciences," in this city, "The sum of one hundred and twenty dollars per annum, to be applied to its Publication Fund, and the further sum of four hundred and eighty dollars per annum, to be used for the support of one or more deserving poor young man or men, who may desire to devote the whole of his or their time and energies to the study of any of the Natural Sciences."

The letter making this generous proposition is signed by Messrs. A. E. Jessup, E. A. Jessup, and Mrs. Clara J. Moore.

AN OLD ANECDOTE.

Nearly every one probably has seen the anecdote of the studious man, whose wife sarcastically "wished she were a book, that she might have more of his company"—and who replied, "Yes, my dear, an almanac, and then I could change you every year."

In a life of Malone, recently published, this very *bon-mot* is given as originating with the poet Dryden, who, it is said, "If we may believe the lampoons of the time, did not live on very amicable terms with his wife, having been compelled to marry the Lady Elizabeth by one of her brothers." The anecdote is given on the authority of Horace Walpole.

"THE LITTLE FAIRY."—Miss Dollie Dutton, 9 years old, 26 inches high, and weighing only 13 pounds, is to hold her Levees in this city, at Concert Hall, on the 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th instants. Dollie will sing several songs, and dance the polka. The Rev. Phineas Stowe says:—"An immortal spirit, encased in such a finely wrought casket, cannot fail to interest and delight all who may be permitted to see her."

It is said that Mrs. L——, a lady residing in London, who is a great believer in spirits and their communications, lately received a message from her daughter, who died about a year since, begging her not to grieve any more for her, as she was now perfectly happy, and was just married to Edward the Black Prince.

But the Scripture says that, "in *heaven*, there is no marrying, or giving in marriage."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

KIT CARSON. The Life and Adventures of Christopher Carson, the celebrated Rocky Mountain Hunter, Trapper and Guide. By CHARLES BURDETT. Illustrated. Published by G. G. Evans, 439 Chestnut St., Philada.

MEMOIR OF THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS. By the MARQUESS DE H———. Collected by Prof. G. H. DE SCHUBERT. Translated from the French. Published by Charles Scribner, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

POEMS Lyrical and Idyllic. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Published by Charles Scribner, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE ORCHARD HOUSE; or, Culture of Fruit Trees in Pots under Glass. By THOMAS RIVERS, Sawbridgeworth, England. Also an Appendix by WILLIAM SAUNDERS, Landscape Gardener, Germantown, Pa. Published by Saxton, Barker & Co., New York, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. Price 40 cts.

LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE for May. Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philada.

MUSIC. "Lowland Sallie," "Artful Dodger," "When You and I Were Young," "On the Mountains Airy Summit," "Why Don't He Tell Me So," "Petruchio Waltz," and "Victorine." Published and for sale by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington St., Boston.

☞ Ten poor men can sleep tranquilly upon it; but two kings can't live at ease in a tier of the world.

☞ As a man drinks, he generally grows reckless; in his case, the more drams the fewer scruples.

☞ How to Avoid Drowning—Always keep your head above water.

☞ Elderly unmarried ladies are considered by some persons the least enviable of all kinds of *waiting maids*.

☞ The question is discussed in some of the Missouri papers, whether raising hemp is a good business. A much better business than being raised by it.

☞ "And so you have married a Mr. Penny," said a gentleman to a lady of his acquaintance. "No—*Mr. Pence*." "Ah, you have done better than I thought."

☞ It takes three editors to start a paper in New Orleans—one to get killed in a duel, one to die with the yellow fever, and one to write an obituary of the defunct two.

☞ It is said that the Tartars invite a man to drink by gently pulling his ear. A good many of our people will "take a pull" without waiting to have their ears pulled.

☞ One of our writers, dwelling upon the importance of small things, says that he always takes "note even of a straw." Especially, perhaps, if there's a sherry-cobbler at one end of it.

☞ The more contact with truth, it seems to us, would be fatal to some men. Truth is said to "live in the bottom of a well," and if they were pitched down after it, their first movement would be to "kick the bucket."

☞ We have heard of an economical man who always takes his meals in front of a mirror—he does this to double the dishes. If that isn't philosophy, we should like to know what is.

☞ At one of the agricultural fairs recently held in Connecticut, a farmer gave early notice to the secretary of his entries for the "fare." He was to send one "Duram" bull, one "you," (ewe) and two "lams." If his "rewes" concerning the rules of the society were "rong," he hoped the secretary would "rite him by the next male."

☞ Mr. Cator, the money-lender, once speaking about drunkenness, instead of enlarging on the common topics, its obscuring men's faculties, producing quarrels, &c., observed that it was a most injurious practice, and might be attended with very bad effects; for no man who goes into company and indulges in wine, can know *when he may be called out to make a bargain!—Life of Malone.*

☞ INHUMAN ORDER ISSUED BY THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF A RIFLE CORPS.—A captain of a volunteer company who shall be nameless, was, we regret to say, guilty of an unheard of piece of barbarity the other day—the day, too, being one of the coldest we have had of late. He actually marched his men to the very brink of the ——— canal, and then coolly commanded them to "*fall in.*"

☞ DOUBLE EDGED PRAYER.—A little boy one day had done wrong, and was sent after parental correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his Heavenly Father. His offence had been passion. Anxious to hear what he had to say, his mother followed him to the door of his room. In lisping accents she heard him ask to be better never to be angry again, and then, with child like simplicity, he added, "*Lord, make ma s temper better too!*"

LETTER FROM PARIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PARIS, March 29, 1860.

A LATE SEASON.

This gay city is anything but comfortable just now. The season is remarkably backward, scarcely a leaf being visible, whereas the foliage of the earlier trees is generally pretty well out by this date. In London, as I learn from English friends, the earlier trees were out in leaf a month ago; though that city is generally later than this in getting out its greenery. The caprices of seasons and weather, however, are too proverbial to excite surprise, disagreeable as they may be to those who are exposed to them.

BUSINESS AND POLITICS.

Everything in the commercial world is just as dull as the weather. No one is here; nothing is doing. From the highest industrial regions to the lowest, the complaint is universal. Everything is utterly stagnant. The political horizon is cloudy; the French are enchanted at getting hold of Savoy and Nice, and frantically angry against England for her upholding of the rights of Switzerland. Those even who most detest the Emperor, are praising his taking of Savoy, and loudly declaring that the frontier of the Rhine must "logically and necessarily" follow this step. This pleasant people are so utterly unreasoning, so oblivious of principle, and accustomed to think and speak from the impulse of the moment, that it is impossible, after having lived among them for many years, to regard them as anything else than a nation of children. Unfortunately, however, for the prospects of peace, they are children with 600,000 guns in their hands, an ardent thirst for fighting and racket, and an obstinate conviction that, wherever they carry the carnage and confusion they so dearly love to create, they are "performing their civilizing mission," and conferring a sort of Providential blessing on the world.

GREAT DANCERS.

The Emperor has just sent a magnificent diamond ring to Mme. Ferraris, in token of his admiration of the wonderful dancing with which she is now turning the heads of the Parisians. This lady and Mme. Livry may be considered as standing at the head of the present generation of choregraphic artists. Mme. Taglioni, so long the idol of the dance-loving public, now enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* of retirement, recently sent her portrait to Mme. Livry, her pupil, with this inscription.

"Make others forget me, but forget me not."

INCREASE OF GOLD.

According to official documents analysed by the *Journal des Debats*, the value of the gold exported from California, from the first working of its mines in 1848, up to the end of 1859, was $530,000,000; and that from Australia, from 1851–2, when the working of the mines commenced, up to the end of the same year, was $466,412,000; total, $996,412,000. As, however, a considerable quantity of gold not officially registered was sent from both countries, the probability is that the total value of the export is nearer $1,300,000,000. To this enormous value must be added about $300,000,000 for the yield, during the same period, of Siberia, Chili, British Columbia, and the Western coast of Africa. As, previous to 1848, there was in circulation about $3,000,000,000 of gold, the present amount of that metal now in human hands may be assumed, says the *Debats*, as worth about $4,500,000,000, and its total weight as about 7,333 tons.

NEW COLONIZATION SCHEME.

From the *Graham's Town Journal* we learn that a new project seems to be on foot for colonizing the Umzimvooboo, by a number of American "iree people of color." These people are said to be educated and well off in a pecuniary point of view; and to contemplate founding a Republic in Africa like that of Liberia. Dreading the climate of that part of the Continent, they are anxious to obtain land in South Africa, and are looking towards the neighborhood of St. John's River, provided the Kaffirs can be got to sell them a tract of land on reasonable terms. Whether such a plan can be carried out remains to be seen; but they seem resolved to satisfy themselves concerning it, and one of their number, a Mr. Merper, is now gone out to the Cape to make inquiries, and report accordingly.

THE "BLACK DOCTOR."

The famous "Black Doctor," Orles, who for some time past has been pretending to cure cancer in this city, having lately been condemned to a fine and three years' imprisonment on the charge of the illegal practising of the medical art, has just appealed to the Court of Cassation to have this sentence quashed.—The Court, however, has fully confirmed the sentence; and the man, who has been fully proved to be a mere swindling Charlatan, actually incapable of even distinguishing cancer from other tumors, and whose boasted remedy turns out to be rhubarb, aloes, and salt, is now meditating on the downfall of his manœuvres in the solitude of his prison. He had succeeded in making a vast number of dupes, had a magnificent apartment, splendidly furnished, with a carriage and pair, and every sort of luxury, none of which being paid for, his creditors pounced at last upon him, and thus broke the bubble of his reputation, by calling in the sharp manipulation of the law to decide on the real quality of the shining appearance.

NEW CURE OF CANCER.

With regard to the dreadful disease which this Charlatan falsely professed to cure, so many pretended remedies have been announced at different times and found useless that one naturally regards with suspicion any intimation of the possibility of curing this malady; yet the complaint is so fearful an one that nothing which holds out even a possibility of relief should be neglected. The latest recommendation put forth on this subject is so simple in itself, and of such easy application, that it ought at least to be tried, as it is positively asserted that it has been of great service in several dangerous cases. The new remedy consists, then, of fine Turkey figs, which must be boiled in new milk, which they will thicken; when the figs are tender they are to be split and applied as a poultice, as warm as can be borne, to the part affected, whether the skin be broken or not; every time the poultice is changed the part must be washed with some of the milk. A fresh poultice is to be applied morning and evening, and at least once during the day; and a quarter of a pint of the milk the figs are boiled in, is to be drunk twice in the twenty-four hours. If the stomach will bear it, this must be steadily persevered in for three or four months at least. A man aged 105 years is said to have been cured about six years before his death, by six pounds of figs. The cancer, which began at the corner of his mouth, had eaten through his jaw, cheek, and half way down his throat; yet he was so perfectly cured as never to show any tendency to a return of the malady. If the malady return, the figs must again be applied. The first application gives a great deal of pain, but every subsequent dressing gives relief. It is declared that a woman who had been afflicted with cancer in the breast for ten years, and who was in a frightful state, was cured by the application of ten pounds of figs.

IN A BAD WAY.

While the English paper-makers are memorializing Parliament to induce that honorable body to insist on the Emperor's allowing rags to be exported from France free of duty, or at least, with a low duty only, the French paper-makers are petitioning the Emperor to maintain the present export-duty on rags, which amounts to a virtual prohibition, and will, if maintained, place the English paper-makers in such a position of inferiority to their French rivals, that the paper-trade will necessarily expire in England. The English makers are prepared to accept the free importation of French paper, provided the supply of rags be left free also. At present all the Continental nations keep their own rags at home by an export-duty that effectually stops their exportation. As this point was omitted by Mr. Cobden, through an oversight, when the treaty was drawn up, it is hardly likely that the Emperor will relinquish the advantage thus accruing to France, especially considering the state of irritation in which he will naturally find himself at the frank expression of want of confidence just uttered against him by Lord John Russell.

COTTON.

It appears that, much as the world wants many other things, linen and cotton rags are just now an especial *desideratum*; and so necessary are these substances to us, even in their final state of raggedness, that one wonders how our forefathers ever managed to get on with so little of the former, and none at all of the latter. As for the word *cotton*, adopted by all the modern tongues of Europe, it comes from the Arabic. In the time of Herodotus all the Indians wore cotton fabrics; in the first centuries before Christ, there were manufactories of cotton tissues in Egypt and Arabia, but neither the Greeks nor the Romans seem to have used them much. China only commenced cultivating the cotton-plant in the 13th century, after the conquest of that country by the Tartars, though, at the same time, cotton tissues formed an important article of commerce in the Crimea and Southern Russia, whither they were brought from Turkistan. In the 10th century, the Arabs naturalized the plant in Spain; and in the 14th, the cottons of Granada surpassed in reputation those of the East. In Italy, cotton dates from the 14th century, the first manufactories being at Venice and Milan. Cotton goods appear to have been manufactured about that period in England; for Deland, who lived in the time of Henry VIII., speaks of cotton mills at Bolton-on-the-Moor; and an act of Parliament of 1552, under Edward VI., mentions the cotton tissues of Manchester, Lancashire, and Cheshire. The cotton manufacture did not acquire any importance in France until 1787, when the French Government established spinning-machines at Rouen; but it was not until under the Empire that, thanks to the efforts of Richard Lenoir, this branch of industry became flourishing. At present, though the taste and dye of French printed cottons are superior to those of England, the white tissues are far better made in England, their quality being far superior in evenness and durability to those of France, while scarcely more than one-half their price.

AN EASTERN TRAGEDY.

From time to time glimpses of life in the East reach our Western perceptions, and seem—so *immobile* is still the social existence of those regions—almost like echoes of the tales we read with so much awe, horror, or admiration in the days of our childhood. The last of these echoes which have reached us is a tragedy which has just been exciting a profound sensation in Constantinople, notwithstanding the long familiarity of the Turks with every form of violence and murder. It appears that a young couple resided near the Arsenal, in that city, the husband being a captain. As they were not rich their style of living was humble, but Fatma, the wife, had the usual passion of a Turkish woman for jewels and splendid dress. She is very pretty, only 17 years of age, and it has been the dream of her life to procure the fine things denied her by her husband's poverty; the young man having nothing but his pay, and having, moreover, been obliged, not long ago, to sell a black slave he possessed, who was their only servant. Fatma's aged mother, being as poor as her son-in-law, was employed as housekeeper in the family of a rich pacha; and the old woman used, whenever an opportunity offered, to visit her daughter, carrying her little presents of cakes and sweetmeats. A short time ago the pacha determined to give a grand banquet, and in order to enhance the splendor of this *fete*, asked his friends, as is usual in Turkey, to lend him articles of plate, and even jewelry. The feast over, these borrowed splendors were confided to Aischa, the housekeeper, to be by her restored to their owners. She set out to carry them home, but, being fatigued, called in at her daughter's, to rest on the way. Fatma, with eager curiosity, questioned her about the banquet; and the old woman, to please her, spread out before her the rings, brooches, cups, and platters of gold and silver, and other valuables which she had in charge. When the daughter had sufficiently admired these objects, the mother packed them up, and asked where she could deposit them until the next day: whereupon Fatma locked them up in a box. The mother then produced a quantity of sweetmeats and fragments of the feast, and proceeded to assist her daughter in laying them out for her husband's supper. Whilst the two women were thus engaged, the muezzin sounded for evening prayer, and Fatma said to her mother, "Offer up your prayer, while I finish my work." The old woman knelt down and prayed, and when she had done, Fatma exclaimed, "I want some charcoal, but the wind is so high in the place where it is kept that it blows out my lamp!" "Give me the lamp," said the mother, "and I will light you!"

The two went out together to the charcoal shed, the old woman carrying the lamp. But, on arriving there, Fatma blew out the light, and passing round her mother's neck a rope with a noose which she had prepared while the old woman was praying, pulled it tight. The latter struggled a good deal, but was at last strangled. The husband soon after returned home, and Fatma made him feast on the things her mother had brought. She then produced the box in which were the valuables deposited by the old woman, and said: "Thank Allah! we were poor, but now we are rich!" The man astonished, inquired where so great a treasure came from; and Fatma, with perfect calmness, stated that she had obtained it by murdering her mother, and related all the circumstances of the crime. "We must sell the things at once," she added, "in order to have money." "No," replied the husband, "if I offered them for sale, I should be arrested. We had better wait until to-morrow, when we will embark for a foreign country." The woman made no objection to this proposition, and shortly afterwards the man went out on pretence of buying some tobacco, and proceeded at once to the mayor and the priest of the district, and related what had occurred. Both these persons declared that they could not believe him, and expressed their opinion that he had only made this extraordinary statement to injure his wife. "Come with me," he answered, "and you shall see for yourselves." The man accordingly took them to his house, but did not let his wife see them. Having secreted them in a place where they could hear, he said to his wife, "What you told me just now, is so extraordinary, that it seems to me like a dream. Repeat it again!" The woman again detailed the circumstances of the murder. "Are you convinced now?" inquired the husband of the *mouktar* and *imam*, when she had terminated the horrible recital. "Did I tell you what was untrue? You hear by her own lips that she is guilty; arrest her!" The woman was then taken into custody. She has been brought to trial, and having confessed her guilt, has been condemned to death. But as she is about to become a mother, her execution has been postponed until after the birth of her child.

To finish my yarn with something less horrible than the story of this monstrous crime, let me add for the satisfaction of the admirers of those history-writing statesmen, that M. Thiers has just sent to the printer, the last sheet of vol. xvii. of the "History of the Consulate and the Empire:" and that the third volume of M. Guizot's *Memoirs* is to appear in the course of a week or two, and will be fully equal in interest, it is believed, to the other two.

QUANTUM.

☞ An ignorant man who "stands upon his dignity," is like the fellow who tried to elevate himself by standing upon a piece of brown paper.

☞ VERY EASY TO LEARN.—The Chinese language contains only 42,713 characters, and a knowledge of about one-tenth of these is sufficient to enable Chinese works to be understood. The rather startling proposition is advanced that the Chinese is as clear as the easiest of the modern languages.

☞ A CONSIDERATE HUSBAND.—"My little angel," asks the husband of his wife, in a railroad carriage, "are you comfortable in your corner?" "Very much so, thank you, dear." "You don't feel the cold?" "Not at all." "The door closes well?" "Very well, thank you." "Well, then come and change places with me."

☞ GAMBLING IN CHINA.—Mr. Cobbold, late archdeacon of Ningpo, corrects a mistake of Huc's, who represents that, when the Chinese have gambled away all their money, they put up their fingers for stakes, play for them and clap them off. The mistake is accounted for by the same words standing for chopping off a finger and for drawing a lot.

☞ What's that?" asked Mrs. Partington, looking up at the column of the Place Vendome, during her late visit to Paris. "The pillar of Napoleon," was the answer. "Well, I never did," she exclaimed, "and that's his pillow! He was a great man to use that; but it's more like a bolster. And it is iron, I do believe. Ah, Isaac see what it is to be great! How hard his head must have rested on that ironical pillow."

☞ METHUSELAH'S DIEBOARD OF LIFE.—It is written in a quaint old Jewish manuscript now in the British Museum, that the oldest of mankind, Methuselah, did not live as long as he might have done. The writer says that God promised him in a dream that if he would rise up and build him a house his life should be prolonged five hundred years. But he replied that it was scarcely worth while to build a house for so short a period, and he died before he was a thousand years old.

☞ ONE OF THE IRRESISTIBLES.—Anamboo, an African prince, visiting England, received so many attentions from a celebrated belle of London, that, in a moment of tenderness, he could not refrain from laying his hands upon his heart and exclaiming—"Oh! madam, if Heaven had only made you a negress, you would have been irresistible!"

☞ A whimsical mistake was made by a country schoolmaster, who was employed to pen a petitionary address to a chief magistrate, whose circumference was at least six feet seven inches in the girth. Thus was the petition to this very great man addressed:—"To the mare and boddy corpulent."

GADALL GLEANINGS.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EKAW.

How Aunty Scranton Made a Morning Call.

Good-day, Miss Whittlesey. How de du, Miss Popple? An' how be you, Anner Felishear? It's a beautiful mornin', Miss Whittlesey. It was so pleasant arter last night's rain to see everything so clear, an' the sun a shinin' so lumerously, that I thought I *must* run out an' git a sniff o' this pure mornin' breeze. So I jest took my knittin' work an' dropped in to make you a mornin' call, Miss Whittlesey. Why, Miss Popple! "you should think I'd want to take a good long walk of I was goin' to take the air?" I *should* like to, fustrate, only it tires me out so quick ef I walk fur in the street. I can't stand walkin' in the street to any amount. It jest keels me right up—makes me clean out o' breath in less 'n no time ef I walk fur in the street, though I can trot round in the house all day 'n not feel it. Anner Felishear, how's yer cold? "Better?" I'm despert glad to hear it. You're so delerkit, so frail like—allers a havin' a cough or some sich ailment. *'Tis* strange what makes you *so* delerkit. I du say for 't there ain't none o' the gals, scasely, now-a-days, 't 's good fur anything. There ain't none on 'em—so I tell Sook—that can anywher nigh begin to come up to doin' half 's much 's they did when *I* was a gal. I tell Sook it's cause they wear sich low necks 'n bare arms, 'n go out so much in the damp streets with nothin' but thin gaiters on. Nobody can't expect gals to be rugged 'n healthy when they're so onprudent. Now there's Miss Delisle's darter 'at she, poor woman, doats on so—a poor, puny, cellar sprout sort o' gal, pooty enough farzino, but allers down with the New Rallergy, when she ain't out ridin' or visitin', or goin' to balls or parties. *'Tis* strange, as I tell Sook, what makes that are gal have the New Rallergy so. But, lor! *tain't* strange, nyther, as long 's she does as she does. What else could *ye* expect? Now, I don't never allow Sook to wear 'em—low necks 'n bare arms—'cause I know tain't modest nor decent, nor healthy, nyther, an' Sook 's a reason'ble gal an' don't want to wear 'em, an' I say it's a credit to her.

What remark did you make, Miss Popple? "Sook knows they ain't becomin' to freckled folks?" Sook ain't so desperty more freckled 'n a good many other folks I could name. I'm sure I don't think she's freckled enough to look bad. Sakes alive! Miss Popple, what *be* you a makin'? "Red flannin' shirts?" What, *nothin'* but red flannin' shirts? Why, I can't scasely b'lieve my eyes. How funny! Why, I hope you don't bring 'em to Miss Whittlesey to cut 'n fit. Seems to me its kinder curis. Now I seen you a comin' in here with a lot o' bundles, 'n somethin' red a stickin' out o' one end o' one on 'em, an' so thinks me, jist's like's not Anner Felishear Popple's a goin' to have a new red mereener *dress*, to wear to the school break. *Wall*, you have got a new dress or two, you or Anner *Felishear, haint you?* I don't see none o' yer bundles lyin' about, except that you're to work on. "Mebby you have, an' then agin mebby you hav'nt?" Wall, now, I must say, that's cool. I hope I haint offended ye, Miss Popple, for sure I never meant to. But *du tell* Miss Whittlesey, what kind o' cloth be you a workin' on? "Don't know." I thought you knowed everything cenamost. "New kind o' gopds 't you don't know the name of?" Oh, that's it. Wall, who's it fur? "You couldn't say?" Goodness! There aint no need o' bein' so mortal secret about your every day business. Taint a secret 't 'll kill any body to know I hope. Cause ef it is, *I* shouldn't want to find it out any how. Shaw! du out with it, Miss Whittlesey, whose is it? "You didn't know the woman?" A stranger, hay? It must a ben somebody out o' town, then; you have a good many customers out o' town I reckon, Miss Whittlesey? Wall, I hope you do. You dort to have plenty o' business, I'm sure. Gadall *dort* to support 's much 's one dressmaker hansome. But du tell me, Miss Whittlesey, is both o' your 'prentices gone away? I don't see nyther on 'em here. What! Myrandy gone clean home when its so fur, an' she makes sich low wages, 'n you so hurried? It's onkind o' that trollop; I should think you'd feel it so, Miss Whittlesey, especially of you're hurried. "She's a good gal, 'an you could spare her now 's well 's not." You *could?* What, when the other one—what's her name's gone too? How come *she* to go—that new gal—I never *can* think o' her, oh, yis—"Fredereeker Breemer Stiles." A long name, 'n a despert queer one. But I 'll try 'n remember it now. Wall, what's the trouble with Fredereeker? "Nothin'?" "Comin' to-morrow?" Is, hey? Now, Miss Whittlesey, how many dresses have you got on hand to make? I don't know but you may think me 'nquisitive, but I only ask you out o' pure friendly int'rest in your welfare. "You can't say?" I'm sorry you can't, 'cause I've been a thinkin' some o' havin' a dress out 'n made myself, 'n gittin' you to fit it. But ef you've got more dresses on hand 'n you can count, 'n both your 'prentices gone, why 't would be all out o' the question to try to git you to make mine. O, you needn't to hyst the curting at all on *my* accoun', Miss Whittlesey, I can *allers* see to knit, anywhers. Anner Felishear, what *be* you a goin' to wear to the school break? Your new checkered silk with the blue velvet trimmins'? What! "You think a silk dress, 'specially a new one, is too good to wear to sich doin's?" Wall, now I never! I didn't know there was *anything* too good for gals to wear anywhers in these days. But what then is suitable to wear do you think? I know your taste is pooty good in dress matters. What do you intend to wear yourself? "You haint decided?" Lor, now, haint you, though?

Declare to massy! Ef there ain't jest the harnsomest kerridge that ever was seen 'n Gadall a comin' up the road! A bran new, double seated, shinin' black coach hke, with tew splendid jet black bay hosses in it, an' a black nigger driver all dressed up to kill, a settin' on top. Wall, I never! Who can it be, an' where *can* they be a goin' to? Stoppin' at our 'un as sure as I'm a live woman! Lands sakes, Miss Whittlesey, I'm all in a flutter. I must hurry home. I can't stop even to knit round to my seam needle. Le' me see. Be they a gittin' out or not? Lor, yis. Conscience sakes! There's a woman dressed to the very tip top o' the fashion, an' a young gal, an' a boy half grown, an', the deary me, *sick* a harnsome man! It *must* be my husband's cousins from Bosting, Miss Whittlesey—yis, it *must* be cousin Josephine an' her folks. It *can't* be nobody else, sartin. Cousin Josephine's a splendid woman, Miss Popple, ain't she, though? An' don't she *dress* some? Tell ye, *that's* what I call dressin' *like* somebody. But, good-mornin', ladies. I must hurry home to welcome cousin Josephine 'n her husband to Gadall.

BABY SEAMSTRESSES.

We take from the Englishman's Journal some part of a record of experience that will tell something new of life to many of our readers. A dirty paper in a dirty window of a court advertised for several little girls about five or six years of age, that were "kick" at the hemming. Other such papers had been observed, and the writer made up her mind to see the "little girls." Ascent was made to a particular garret:

It was a small and very wretched apartment, containing a bed and one chair, the seat of authority. There was no table, but there were three low forms, which were perpetually tumbling over, and on these forms were seated eleven "little girls;" the four on the front form could hardly, any of them, have been six years, one of them was "going of five." The four behind were about seven, perhaps, and there was one very well behaven girl on the hindermost seat who might be ten, and two others a year or two younger. The eldest girl had evidently all the fixing and all the responsibility, and was the only one among the number that had money remuneration; she also had the "taking in." They were "on slops;" the little things on the front form doing the hemming, while the others were steadily at work on "band and gusset and seam."

Perfect silence was the rule, but the little hemmers were continually transgressing it.—They all seemed in the utmost distress: one declared, with many tears, that somebody had made her lose her needle; the accused protesting that she didn't make her lose it, for she lost it her own self, and so that was a story that she had told! Then another complained that a neighbor had said, "She hadn't done the most, and the neighbor wouldn't measure." The poor old woman had hardly pacified them when the little girl "going of five," a perfectly clean, lovely, kissable, little creature, burst forth with a grievous lamentation, because somebody behind her had said that "her father was tyansported, and he wasn't tyansported, because he had gone in a bootiful sip." Hereupon the old woman threatened to bang the offender, and she confirmed the story of the "bootiful sip." But the wicked girl continued to nod persistently as the little thing looked over her shoulder. Then followed another burst of grief, for "she had said so again."

And now the old woman proceeded to execute her threat, to "bang" the tormentor. The operation was quite an orthodox, grandmotherly affair, after which there was a temporary silence. The little mortal we were grieved to seb, had hemmed nearly a yard of calico in the neatest manner, but all along there were crimson specks of blood, showing how sadly the little finger had been pierced. In recompense for her industry she was permitted for a few minutes to contemplate the perfection, of a new pocket-handkerchief, on which was an inscription and illustration of "Hoop de dooden do," and then her little eyelids dropped. Oblivion was gently stealing the image of the grotesque figure on the handkerchief and the image of the torturing shirt, and withdrawing all the dreary surroundings of misery. The expression of petulance and pain relaxed; she was asleep!

Intelligence of this fact was instantly reported, but the old woman graciously permitted her a few minutes, declaring that she was worth two of the informer, and would get her task done first.

For the making of the shirt of which this baby did the hemming, a whole day's hard work of course, and which had also expended on it another day's cruel labor on band and gusset, and seam, the old woman received two pence halfpenny, or, in the phraseology of the trade, the little girls were on slops, at a half a crown a dozen. The mothers were out in the city, most of them at least, at various kinds of employment, and were glad to have their children taken care of and taught to sew besides. The old woman made them each a mug of warm coffee during the day, and took care they didn't eat all their victuals at once. *They hadn't half enough to eat.* We inquired how the good woman would find room for several additional hands. She explained that some of the older girls were going to work with their mothers; that the hemmers would be promoted to "bands," etc.,—the little sleeper to be one of those promoted. She wanted two or three little "uns for the hemming," but they were always so slow at first, they did nothing but adjust their thimbles and lose their needles; they were more trouble than use at first; however, they soon got to be useful, though it appeared that some unprincipled mothers withdrew them as soon as they began to be useful and could thread their own needles. Indeed, one hardly knew whether the poor old woman or the little seamstresses were most to be pitied.

☞ An exchange paper says—"If you would keep your children in health, give them plenty of fresh air." This is all well enough; but now-a-days children put on so many airs of their own that it is almost impossible to give them a fresh one every day.

☞ "Maister, whether it's gude manners when a gentleman gives you a glass o' whuskey, to tak' a drop or drink aff the haill o't?" The master having in homely phrase judiciously replied to this poser, that the courtesy consisted in imbibing the whole, the man exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, "Then, Gude be thankit, I was mannerly!"

☞ "Come out of the wet," as the shark said when he swallowed the sailor.

THE PLAYMATE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the maddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine:
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk with noiseless feet the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown,—
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems,—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours,—
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

Oh, playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds as sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea,—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

—Atlantic Monthly, for May.

WORK AND WORRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARGARET LYON.

I have two neighbors who interest me considerably. For some time past, I have been observing them pretty closely; observing them as a philosopher. The humanitary aspect of the case I keep out of sight as much as possible, as that would disturb my mind. A philosopher you know, must dwell in a serene atmosphere. One of my neighbors is a poor woman, with four children wholly dependent on her labor for food and clothing. The other is the wife of a citizen, comfortably well off, and has two servants to do the work of her household. It is about two years since I first commenced observing them, and both have failed considerably in that time. If the work of exhaustion continues as rapidly as it has been going on for the last twelve months, it will only take a year or two more to complete their life histories. My poor neighbor I think will hold out longest, as the disease from which she is suffering does not break down the constitution so quickly as the one that has robbed my other neighbor's cheeks of their bloom, and her step of its lightness.

Yesterday I called in to see Mrs. M——, my poor neighbor. I found her standing over a washing tub, with a pale, weary face. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and from the quantity and condition of her work, it was plain that she had yet two hours of exhausting labor before her.

"Always hard at work, Mrs. M——," said I.

"Yes," she answered, with a faint smile. "I and work are old friends."

"Work," I remarked, "is a friend that sticks to some people closer even than a brother."

"You may well say that," was her reply to this, with an amused expression on her thin face. "I am work's favorite sister."

I smiled in return and said:

"You manage to keep cheerful with it all, Mrs. M——."

"Not always cheerful, and never very sad. I sing at my work sometimes, and that makes it lighter."

I glanced around the room. To my eyes, everything wore a cheerless aspect. Two neglected children were playing on the floor. Perhaps I ought not to say neglected, for their faces were clean, and their clothes not in a very bad condition. Yet it was plain to see that the mother's hands were too full of work to care for them properly.

"Singing," said I, "is better than sighing. I am glad you have heart enough to sing at your work."

"Why shouldn't I? Every body has to work; some harder than others, it is true; but it all goes in the life-time. I am too thankful to get work, to sit down and cry over it."

"And so you sing to make it lighter?"

"Yes," she answered in a quiet way.

"Your health is not very good?" said I.

"Not so good as it was a year ago. I tire more quickly and suffer oftener with bad headaches. Of late, I have been a good deal troubled with a pain in my side. But I try not to think of it. Thinking about pains and troubles you know, always make them worse."

"I know some people," said I, "who would be happier than they are, if they had a few grains of your philosophy."

"Our minister says, that we make for the most part, our world of happiness or misery. And I believe him. Why, if I gave way to gloomy thoughts, I could make myself wretched all the day long. But what would be the use of that? It wouldn't lighten my work any, but make it heavier; and, dear above known, it is heavy enough now! Some one has said, that worry kills quicker than work. It is as much as I can do to keep up under the burden of work; add worry, and I would break down in a week. I don't trouble myself a great deal about what I can't help, and try to act on the precept of the good Book which says, 'take no thought for the morrow.' The truth is, it's as much as I can do to take thought for each day as it comes along. We only have a day at a time you know, and it's my belief, that if we improve our to-days rightly, God will take care of our to-morrows."

Mrs. M——— bent down over her washing-tub, and resumed her work, adding as she did so,

"But we must improve our nows as well as our to-days. I've got full two hours work a head of me, and mustn't stand idling."

I sat a while longer talking with Mrs. M———, and then retired, saying to myself, "Poor woman! your work is too hard for you. It is wasting your life away. Your slender frame was never made for toil like this."

Passing from the door of my humble neighbor, I crossed the street, and rang at a house of more imposing aspect than hers. A servant showed me into a handsomely furnished parlor, where I waited several minutes for the lady on whom I had called.

"Are you sick, Mrs. B———?" said I, as I took her hand, and looked with concern into my neighbor's pale, troubled face.

"Not sick," she answered, "but worried half out of my life. Sit down, I am glad to see you."

"What has happened to worry you," I inquired; "anything more than usual?"

"There's always something more than usual, happening in this house," she replied, in a fretful way; "it seems to me, that nothing goes right. Just come up stairs, and I'll show you something."

She arose and I followed her, ascending to the chamber on the next floor. It had been newly papered, I saw at a glance.

"*Now just look at that border!*" she said, pointing upwards. "Isn't it horrid? It spoils the whole effect of the room. The piece I chose was lovely. What possessed the man to substitute this, is more than I can tell. He came while I was out, and the room was finished when I returned."

I looked at the border, but made no remark.

"Did you ever see anything so outlandish!" said Mrs. B———, with an expression of disgust on her face.

I suppose it must be set down to my want of taste in things ornamental, but I could not see in what the border was out of keeping with the style of paper. To me it was very neat and appropriate.

"I can never endure it!" ejaculated Mrs. B———, in a disturbed manner. "Never. The man must take it off. It will be a constant eye-sore. And just look how poorly he has matched the pattern under that window."

I looked to the place indicated, but my eyes failed to see the defect. On going nearer, however, I noticed a very slight deviation from the right line of contact between two parts of a grape-leaf. My wonder was, how Mrs. B——— had managed to discover the fact. I am sure it would not have been revealed to one pair of eyes in a hundred.

"There's no trusting anybody to do things right," continued Mrs. B———, in a nervous complaining way. "As if I hadn't enough to worry me already, this must be added! It has set my head to aching as if it would burst."

"How is little Freddy?" I asked, wishing to turn her thoughts to something more pleasant.

"I'm dreadfully worried about him," she replied—the troubled aspect of her face taking on a new and more painful character.

"Is he sick?"

"No, he's not just sick; but, I expect he will be. Only to think of it! I sent the nurse out with him, yesterday, to get the fresh air. She was gone a long time; so long that I got very uneasy. I questioned her, closely, when she came back; and, would you believe it?—the creature owned to having been to see one of her Irish friends somewhere in the lower part of the town. Of course it was in some low, dirty hovel, and among filthy, diseased children. Who knows but my dear little Freddy has been exposed to the infection of small pox or scarlet fever? Why, I hardly slept an hour at a time all night thinking about it? He looked heavy and drooping this morning; and I sent for the doctor."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"Oh!" she replied, "doctors never give you any satisfaction. He made light of the matter, of course. But, I understand the meaning of that. He didn't wish to alarm me. I shan't have a moment's peace of mind for a week to come."

I suggested that it was only conjecture as to the child's having been exposed to disease; and that she might be fretting herself to no purpose. This, instead of allaying, seemed to increase her disturbance of mind. So I tried a new subject; seizing upon the first one that presented itself. I knew that she had obtained, a few weeks before, a first rate cook.

"Lucy still gives satisfaction?"

"Yes," she replied; "but I don't expect her to stay."

"Why not?"

"Oh! girls that are worth having never stay long. She's the best cook I ever had; but I expect, every day, to receive notice that she is going to leave us."

I smiled in spite of the solemn face that looked into mine.

"I am afraid you take trouble on interest, Mrs. B———. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Enjoy your good cook while you have her. It will be time enough to be uncomfortable when she leaves; and that may not be in the next five years."

"It's easy enough to talk," replied Mrs. B——— a little impatiently, "but, if you'd passed through what I have—"

She stopped suddenly, bent her head toward the door, and listened.

"That's Freddy now!"

I heard the child's waking cry.

"Come with me to the nursery," said Mrs. B———, moving toward the door. I followed. The child had just wakened from a long nap, and was fretting as we often see children when aroused from sleep.

"Just look how red his face is!" exclaimed Mrs. B———; "are you sick, darling?" and she gathered him up in her arms. "Just feel his hand, it is burning with fever."

I took the soft little hand in mine, and held it for a few moments to mark the degree of heat. To me, there was nothing beyond the warmth of vigorous health.

"There's no fever here, Mrs. B———," said I, confidently.

"Yes, there is," she replied. "He's got a high fever. Is your throat sore, darling?"

Freddy put his hand to his neck, and swallowed once or twice.

"Does it hurt, love?"

The child nodded his head in assent.

The face of Mrs. B——— grew suddenly pale as ashes.

"There, I knew it! I knew it He's getting the scarlet fever. Oh, dear!" and she laid her face down among her child's sunny curls, and sobbed wildly.

"Pray, don't distress yourself, Mrs. B———, Freddy is not sick," I urged. But my words had no effect upon her. She sobbed on for some minutes, until agitation exhausted itself.

"Will you ring the bell," she asked at length, looking at me with a sad, tearful face.

I pulled the bell-rope, and the nurse came in almost immediately.

"You must go for the doctor," said Mrs. B———. "Freddy is sick. He's getting the scarlet fever."

The girl looked frightened, and went hurriedly from the room.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear Mrs. B———," said I, trying to reassure her; "I am sure Freddy is not sick. Why, his hand is no hotter than mine. As I took his hand again, my own came in contact with hers. It was cold as marble. No wonder the babe's soft, warm flesh, was burning to her touch.

"Feel my hand," I said, "mine and Freddy's together, and see which is hottest."

"You have fever," she replied.

"No," said I, "your hand is icy cold; it has deceived you. Freddy has no fever."

By the time the doctor arrived, Freddy was playing about the floor as lively as a cricket, and I had succeeded in convincing Mrs. B——— that he was in no imminent danger. But the mother was in most *need* of medical attention. Her nervous fears had so exhausted her, that she was unable to hold her head up. She was lying on the sofa when the doctor came, her face of a deathly hue. He scolded her soundly, saying that she would kill herself, if she went on in this way; made a prescription for her without scarcely noticing the child, and went off. As my presence could hardly be agreeable to either party, I retired also, pondering the case in my philosophical way.

"Worry is worse than work," said I, "without any doubt. If Mrs. B——— keeps on after this fashion, she'll shuffle off her mortal coil in less time than poor Mrs. M———."

On the next morning, I saw Mrs. M———, bright and early, on her way to a neighbor's house, where the day was to be spent at the ironing-table; her children remaining at home in the care of their oldest sister—herself but a child.

"How's Mrs. B———?" I asked of the nurse, whom I saw standing at her door, about ten o'clock, with Freddy in her arms. The child looked the very picture of health.

"Sick in bed, ma'am," she replied.

"Indeed, what ails her?" I asked.

"Oh! she worried herself sick yesterday, ma'am, about Freddy. And it wasn't a bit of use. Nothing at all was the matter with him, dear little fellow!"

I passed on, saying to myself—"Yes, Mrs. M——— was right: worry kills quicker than work. If Mrs. B——— keeps on as fast as she is now going, she'll get to the end of her journey long before her hard toiling neighbor."

I shall look in upon both of them again before long, and if I see any new aspects worth recording, the reader may hear something more of my two neighbors, who are slowly exhausting their mortal life, one by work and the other by worry.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The week is past. Its latest ray
Is vanished with the closing day;
And 'tis as far beyond our grasp,
Its now departed hours to clasp,
As to recall the moment bright
When first creation sprang to light.

The week is past! If it has brought
Some beams of sweet and soothing thought,
If it has left some memory dear
Of heavenly raptures tasted here,
It has not winged its flight in vain,
Although it ne'er return again.

☞ They are best situated to be happy who are neither too high nor too low—high enough to see models of good manners, and obscure enough to be left in the sweetest of solitudes.

BLACK AND BLUE.

"And to look on a pair of bright black eyes is the life of a pair of blue ones."—GOETHE.

I.

Here's a health to the lassie with merry black eyes!
Here's a health to the laddie with blue ones!
And here's to first love as it sparkles and flies!
And here's to the hearts that are true ones!
Oh, yes—to the hearts that are tender and true,
With affection that nothing can smother!
To the eyes of the one, that are brilliant and blue,
And the merry black eyes of the other!

II.

Now mind you, my laddie, whose eyes are blue,
That, however the Graces invite you,
There is nothing for you in this world that will do
But a pair of black eyes to delight you!
And mind you, my lassie, whose eyes are black,
In a pair of blue eyes to discover
That light of affection you never should lack,
And—you'll always be true to your lover!

III.

Long, long shall your eyes sparkle back with a kiss
To the eyes that live but to behold you!
Long, long shall the charm of your mutual bliss
In a heaven of splendor enfold you!
For this is the thought of a poet wise,
Of a poet whose thoughts are true ones,—
That to look on a pair of merry black eyes
Is the life of a pair of blue ones!

WILLIAM WINTER.

NOTES ON NURSING:

AND

The Best Means of Preserving Health.

BY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

XII.—OBSERVATION OF THE SICK.

WHAT IS THE USE OF THE QUESTION, IS HE BETTER? There is no more silly or universal question scarcely asked than this, "Is he better?" Ask it of the medical attendant, if you please. But of whom else, if you wish for a real answer to your question, would you ask? Certainly not of the casual visitor; certainly not of the nurse, while the nurse's observation is so little exercised as it is now. What you want are facts, not opinions—for who can have any opinion of any value as to whether the patient is better or worse, excepting the constant medical attendant, or the really observing nurse?

The most important practical lesson that can be given to nurses is to teach them what to observe—how to observe—what symptoms indicate improvement—what the reverse—which are of importance—which are of none—which are the evidence of neglect—and of what kind of neglect.

All this is what ought to make part, and an essential part, of the training of every nurse. At present how few there are, either professional or unprofessional, who really know at all whether any sick person they may be with is better or worse.

The vagueness and looseness of the information one receives in answer to that much abused question, "Is he better?" would be ludicrous, if it were not painful. The only sensible answer (in the present state of knowledge about sickness) would be "How can I know? I cannot tell how he was when I was not with him."

I can record but a very few specimens of the answers* which I have heard made by friends and nurses, and accepted by physicians and surgeons at the very bed-side of the patient, who could have contradicted every word, but did not—sometimes from amiability, often from shyness, oftenest from langor!

"How often have the bowels acted, nurse?"

"Once sir."

This generally means that the utensil has been emptied once, it having been used perhaps seven or eight times.

"Do you think the patient is much weaker than he was six weeks ago?"

* It is a much more difficult thing to speak the truth than people commonly imagine. There is the want of observation *simple*, and the want of observation *compound*, compounded, that is, with the imaginative faculty. Both may equally intend to speak the truth. The information of the first is simply defective. That of the second is much more dangerous. The first gives, in answer to a question asked about a thing that has been before his eyes perhaps for years, information exceedingly imperfect, or says, he does not know. He has never observed. And people simply think him stupid.

The second has observed just as little, but imagination immediately steps in, and he describes the whole thing from imagination merely, being perfectly convinced all the while that he has seen or heard it; or he will repeat a whole conversation, as if it were information which had been addressed to him; whereas it is merely what he has himself said to somebody else. This is the commonest of all. These people do not even observe that they have *not* observed, nor remember that they have forgotten.

Courts of justice seem to think that anybody can speak "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," if he does but intend it. It requires many faculties combined of observation and memory to speak "the whole truth," and to say, "nothing but the truth."

"I knows I shs dreadful; but believe me, Miss, I never finds out I have fibbed until they tells me so," was a remark actually made. It is also one of much more extended application than most people have the least idea of.

Concurrence of testimony, which is so often adduced as final proof, may prove nothing more, as is well known to those accustomed to deal with the unobservant imaginative, than that one person has told his story a great many times.

I have heard thirteen persons "concur" in declaring that a fourteenth, who had never left his bed, went to a distant chapel every morning at seven o'clock.

I have heard persons in perfect good faith declare, that a man came to dine every day at the house where they lived, who had never dined there once; that a person had never taken the sacrament, by whose side they had twice at least knelt at Communion: that but one meal a day came out of a hospital kitchen, which for six weeks they had seen provide from three to five and six meals a day. Such instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum* if necessary.

"Oh, no, sir; you know it is very long since he has been up and dressed, and he can get across the room now."

This means that the nurse has not observed that whereas six weeks ago he sat up and occupied himself in bed, he now lies still doing nothing; that, although he can "get across the room," he cannot stand for five seconds.

Another patient who is eating well, recovering steadily, although slowly, from fever, but cannot walk or stand, is represented to the doctor as making no progress at all.

LEADING QUESTIONS USELESS OR MISLEADING.—Questions, too, as asked now (but too generally) of or about patients, would obtain no information at all about them, even if the person asked of had every information to give.—The question is generally a leading question; and it is singular that people never think what must be the answer to this question before they ask it: for instance, "Has he had a good night?" Now, one patient will think he has had a bad night of he has not slept ten hours without waking. Another does not think he has a bad night if he has had intervals of dosing occasionally. The same answer has actually been given as regarded two patients—one who had been entirely sleepless for five times twenty-four hours, and died of it, and another who had not slept the sleep of a regular night, without waking. Why cannot the question be asked, How many hours' sleep has ——— had? and at what hours of the night?* "I have never closed my eyes all night," an answer as frequently made when the speaker has had several hours' sleep as when he has had none, would then be less often said. Lies, intentional and unintentional, are much seldomer told in answer to precise than to leading questions. Another frequent error is to inquire whether one cause remains, and not whether the effect which may be produced by a great many different causes, not inquired after, remains. As when it is asked, whether there was noise in the street last night; and if there were not, the patient is reported, without more ado, to have had a good night. Patients are completely taken aback by these kinds of leading questions, and give only the exact amount of information asked for, even when they know it to be completely misleading. The shyness of patients is seldom allowed for.

How few there are who, by five or six pointed questions, can elicit the whole case, and get accurately to know and to be able to report *where* the patient is.

MEANS OF OBTAINING INACCURATE INFORMATION.—I know a very clever physician, of large dispensary and hospital practice, who invariably began his examination of each patient with "Put your finger where you be bad." That man would never waste his time with collecting inaccurate information from nurse or patient. Leading questions always collect inaccurate information.

At a recent celebrated trial, the following leading question was put successively to nine distinguished medical men. "Can you attribute these symptoms to anything else but poison?" And out of the nine, eight answered "No!" without any qualification whatever. It appeared, upon cross-examination:—1. That none of them had ever seen a case of the kind of poisoning supposed. 2. That none of them had ever seen a case of the kind of disease to which the death is not to poison, was attributable. 3. That none of them were even aware of the main fact of the disease and condition to which the death was attributable.

Surely nothing stronger can be adduced to prove what use leading questions are of, and what they lead to.

I had rather not say how many instances I have known, where, owing to this system of leading questions, the patient has died, and the attendants have been actually unaware of the principal feature of the case.

AS TO FOOD PATIENT TAKES OR DOES NOT TAKE.—It is useless to go through all the particulars, besides sleep, in which people have a peculiar talent for gleaning inaccurate information. As to food, for instance, I often think that most common question, How is your appetite? can only be put because the questioner believes the questioned has really nothing the matter with him, which is very often the case. But where there is, the remark holds good which has been made about sleep. The *same* answer will often be made as regards a patient who cannot take two ounces of solid food per diem, and a patient who does not enjoy five meals a day as much as usual.

Again, the question, How is your appetite? is often put when How is your digestion? is the question meant. No doubt the two things depend on one another. But they are quite different. Many a patient can eat, if you can only "tempt his appetite." The fault lies in your not having got him the thing that he fancies. But many another patient does not care between grapes and turnips—everything is equally distasteful to him. He would try to eat anything which would do him good; but everything "makes him worse." The fault here generally lies in the cooking. It is not his "appetite" which requires "tempting," it is his digestion which requires sparing. And good sick cookery will save the digestion half its work.

There may be four different causes, any one of which will produce the same result, viz., the patient slowly starving to death from want of nutrition:

1. Defect in cooking;
2. Defect in choice of diet;
3. Defect in choice of hours for taking diet;
4. Defect of appetite in patient.

Yet all these are generally comprehended in the one sweeping assertion that the patient has "no appetite."

Surely many lives might be saved by drawing a closer distinction; for the remedies are as diverse as the causes. The remedy for the first is to cook better; for the second, to choose other articles of diet; for the third, to watch for the hours when the patient is in want of food; for the fourth, to show him what he likes, and sometimes unexpectedly. But no one of these remedies will do for any other of the defects not corresponding with it.

I cannot too often repeat that patients are generally either too languid to observe these things, or too shy to speak about them; nor is it well that they should be made to observe them, it fixes their attention upon themselves.

Again, I say, what is the nurse or friend there for except to take note of these things, instead of the patient doing so?*

* It is commonly supposed that the nurse is there to spare the patient from making physical exertion for himself—I would rather say that she ought to be there to spare him from taking thought for himself. And I am quite sure, that if the patient were spared all thought for himself, and *not* spared all physical exertion, he would be infinitely the gainer. The reverse is generally the case in the private house. In the hospital it is the relief from all anxiety, afforded by the rules of a well-regulated institution, which has often such a beneficial effect upon the patient.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"NOT AT HOME."

There are any quantity of fashionable ways of doing up fashionable as well as unfashionable lying. "Not at home," is the favorite style of giving a visitor the cold shoulder. Of this detestable dodge a lady narrates an incident which we here record:

"I never," said she, "sent a message to the door but once, and for that once I shall never forgive myself. It was more than three years ago, and when I told my servant that morning to say 'not at home,' to whomsoever might call, except she knew it was some intimate friend, I felt my cheeks tingle, and the girl's look of surprise mortified me exceedingly.—But she went about her duties and I about mine, sometimes pleased that I adopted a convenient fashion by which I could secure time to myself, sometimes painfully smitten with the reproaches of conscience. Thus the day wore away, and when Mr. Lee came home he startled me with the news that a very intimate friend was dead.

"'It cannot be,' was the reply, 'for she exacted of me a solemn promise that I alone would sit by her dying pillow, as she had something of great importance to reveal to me.' Here suddenly a horrible suspicion crossed my mind.

"She sent for you, but you were not at home," said Mr. Lee, innocently; then he continued: "I am sorry for Charles, her husband; he thinks her distress was much aggravated by your absence, from the fact that she called your name piteously. He would have sought for you, but your servant said she did not know where you had gone. I am sorry. You must have been out longer than usual, for Charles sent a servant over here three times."

"I never in all my life experienced such a loathing of myself, such utter humiliation.—My servant had gone further than I, in adding falsehood to falsehood, and I had placed it out of my power to reprove her, by my own equivocating. I felt humbled to the very dust, and the next day I resolved over the cold clay of my friend, that I would never again, under any circumstances, say "not at home."

MILITARY DRILL IN SCHOOLS.

Sir Francis Head, writing to Mr. Edwin Chadwick on this subject, says:—

"No animal, whether on four legs or on two, can be of any use in the workshop of man until he has been sufficiently divested of that part of his natural inheritance commonly called 'a will of his own.' What's the use of a cow if she won't allow either man or maid to milk her? What's the use of a horse if he won't put his head into a collar, or suffer a saddle to be placed on his back? In like manner, of what use to the community is a man, in any rank of life, if he refuses to practice the heraldic motto of the Prince of Wales 'Ich Dien,'—'I serve'—in short, if the fellow won't obey?"

Illustrating this argument by a reference to Mr. Rarey's system of horse-taming, Sir Francis says:—

"The dull-sounding but magic little words of command, 'Eyes right!' 'Eyes left!' 'Eyes front!' 'Right turn!' 'Left turn!' 'Right about turn!' 'Left about turn!' 'Quick march!' 'Halt!' 'Stand at ease!' 'Attention!' 'Attention!' &c., until into the minds of a lot of little boys the elements, not of war, but of peace. Instead of making them ferocious, to use Mr. Rarey's expression, these words 'gentle' them, until by learning them to be subservient, not to their own, but to the wills of others, they become fit in every possible department to serve their country. On entering the Foreign-office, Home-office, the Church, the counting-house, the manufactory or the farm, in which they desire to labor, their habit of obedience would prove so beneficial to their employers, as well as to themselves, that I feel confident if a system of drill be once adopted in our public and private schools, a tall, undrilled young man, like a raw, unbroken horse, would, by the generality of dealers be considered 'unserviceable.'"

ELOQUENCE BUT NOT WISDOM.—The late Lord Chatham (when Mr. Pitt) on some occasion made a very long and able speech in the Privy Council, relative to some naval matter. Every one present was struck by the force of his eloquence. Lord Anson, who was no orator, being then at the head of the Admiralty, and differing entirely in opinion from Mr. Pitt, got up, and only said these words:—"My Lords, Mr. Secretary is very eloquent, and has stated his own opinion very plausibly. I am no orator, and all I shall say is, that he knows nothing at all of what he has been talking about." This short reply, together with the confidence the Council had in Lord Anson's professional skill, had such an effect on every one present, that they immediately determined against Mr. Pitt's proposition.—*Life of Malone.*

☞ It is in vain to hope to please all alike Let a man stand with his face in what direction he will, he must necessarily turn his back upon half the world.

THE CHARGE OF THE FAIR BRIGADE AT LEAP YEAR.

Leap year, hurrah! Ye bachelors look out!
For right a-head
Love's danger signal flares a fiery red,
A Will-o-th' wisp, which to the right about
Will send your selfish fancies all a-flying,
Will set your feathern lungs for once a-sighing,
And, let us hope, your hearts for mates a-dying.

For three long years we maidens have been mute,
And kept the peace with wondrous stiff-denial;
For three long years we have not press'd a suit,
But now we mean to put you to the trial;
Wedlock's our cue, we tell you plain and plump,
Our game is on the move, and hearts our trump.

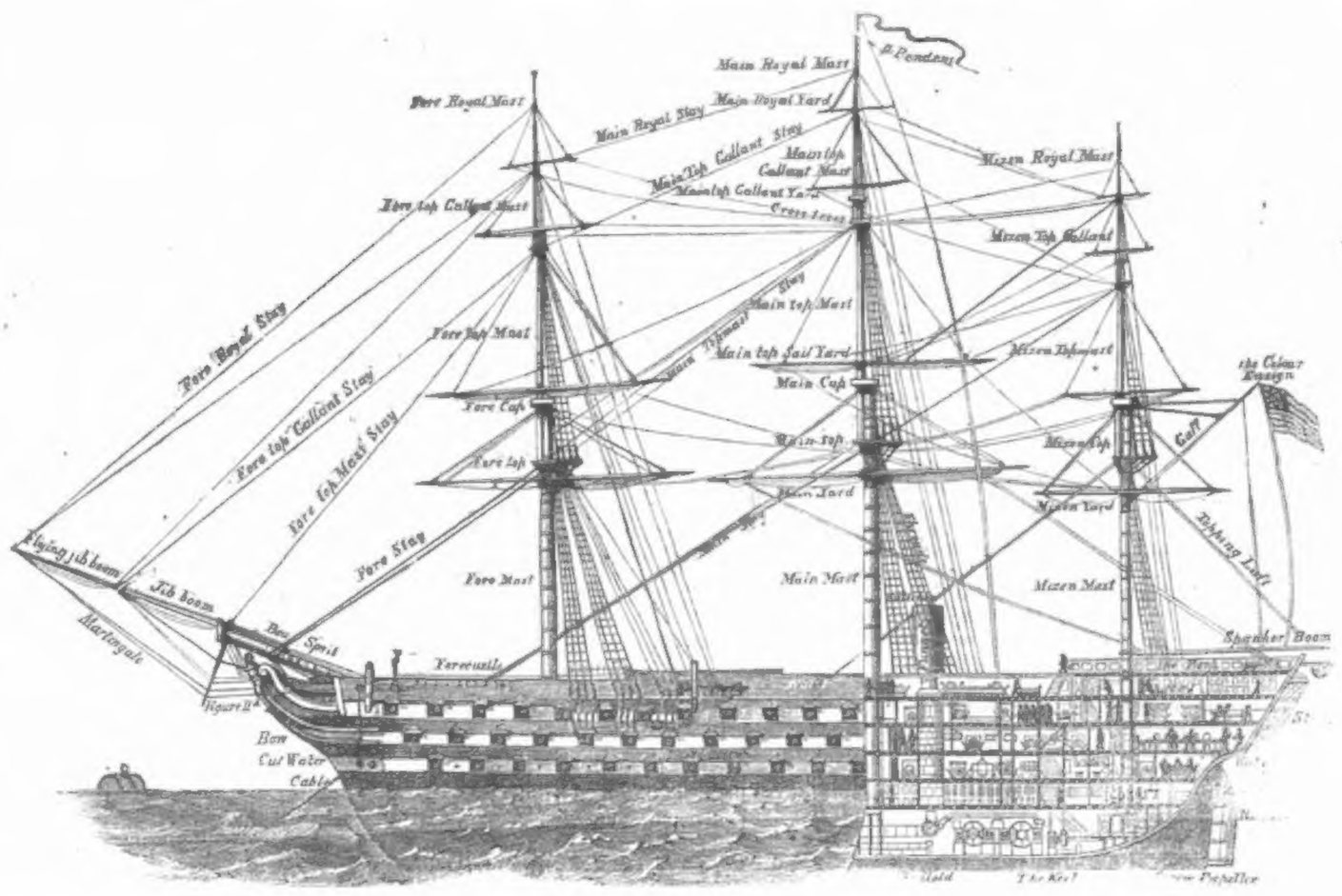
Look out! look out, ye raw-boned "Verdant Greens,"
Who at the shrine of maudlin folly kneel;
Ye striplings, struggling in your later teens,
All palpitation from the head to heel;
Ye members all of that illustrious brood,
Rejoicing in unmated monkeyhood,
And who at Jericho are tarrying still,
Coaxing your downy crops
Of beard and whisker to more manly furze
Upon your fallow chops.

Look out! ye cautious masculines, who stand
Upon the brink of matrimonial bliss,
Who fain would reach the heart's Elysian land,
But, dreaming of some fanciful abyss,
Like Tophet's trap-door, yawning at your feet,
Some fearful Rubicon ye have to pass,
Ye by your fatal indecision miss
What most ye covet; thus ye lose, alas!
All that would make your happiness complete.

And you, ye staid and stony hearted elves,
The breathing lumber of this blissful sphere,
Whose narrowing love is centred on yourselves,
Whose withering hate ye fain would have us fear;
Of you, we well may say—go hang! or drown!
And give to souls more generous than your own
The barren spots on earth ye occupy;
But, pity-prompted, we would rather win
Your stubborn hearts from their unsocial sin,
And make you Benedicts before ye die.

Ho! one and all of Adam's lordly sex!
Look out! look out! for, hist! between us,
Our patron lady, Venus,
Is bent upon a filibustering bout,
With single-minded purpose to annex,
Or rather fleece,
From out your number, and for each of us,
A heart a-piece;
Nor matters it a whit for youth or age,
For beauty, wealth, or station;
Or whether ye be in or out of fashion;
Or temper'd mild or sweet, or sour and sulky!
Slim as a lath, or hideous, grim, and bulky;
'Gainst every one of you she bids us wage
War to the lips! ay, certes, ye may laugh,
But laugh, nor jeer, nor spleen, nor rage will thwart her,
Her, who would give to each a *better half*,
Nor us, her legions, who will give no *quarter*.

R. D.



THE TECHNICAL TERMS FOR THE DIFFERENT PARTS OF A SHIP.

In certain departments of the literature of the day, frequent allusions occur to the different parts of a ship, and which to those whose circumstances have not compelled a familiarity with nautical technicalities, are apt to be quite unintelligible. We therefore undoubtedly render a useful and acceptable service to a large portion of our readers by giving them a cut representing a Man-of-War, in which the names of many of the different parts are indicated. The mystery here explains itself; and our readers hereafter—especially those who do not live in seaport towns—will be able to understand novels and travels which treat of sea life, letter than they hitherto have been able to do. The Man-of-War represented in the cut, is a screw propeller, and uses therefore both steam and sails. The splendid frigates recently built by the U. S. Government are mainly on the plan of the above. The portion of the vessel which is opened to allow an inside view, contains the engines, and the rooms occupied by the officers for sleeping, dining, &c. The other portion is mainly left undivided between the decks, presenting the aspect of large, plain rooms, with the berths for the sailors on each side. The word *pendant*, in the above engraving, of course should be *pennant*.

ARSENIC SPRING.

A TALE OF HUNGARY.

BY E. W. DEWES.

The good old Baron Heltza lay on his death-bed, having been mortally wounded while fighting for his Empress, Maria Theresa, then engaged in deadly strife with her life-long enemy—her dangerous and stubborn foe—Frederick the Great of Prussia.

The old man, on finding that all his physician's skill and all his daughter's care were going to prove vain, sent a messenger to the Empress, to demand as a last favor, in return for a life spent, and a death gained in her service, leave of absence from the army for a short time, for her brave young officer, Count Moritz; stating as a reason for the request, that, being at the point of death, he desired to place his motherless daughter under the legal protection of her affianced husband, ere he left the world.

The Empress, though greatly pressed at this time both for officers and troops, and though she could ill spare the gallant young Count, who was the life of the army, did not belie her ever warm, womanly heart on this occasion; the desired permission was given, with the strictest injunctions, however, to hasten immediately after the marriage, back to the army, where his absence might cause incalculable disasters.

The wings of love (aided by a magnificent charger) bore the young Count in an incredibly short space of time, to the castle of the good Baron, and the presence of his lovely betrothed, and it was his reward to see how the cheeks of the young Baroness Ida, though pale with watching, grew rosy red under his gaze, and to note how the languid eyes kindled into soft splendor as he drew nigh.

But this was no time for the exchange of love's joyous endearments; a dying father, a distracted country, a lover returning to the perils of the field—were not these circumstances sufficiently terrible to check the quick flow of the lovers' pulses, were they likely to beat too warmly!

Immediately on the arrival of the bridegroom, the dying Baron, stern in his views of a soldier's duties, caused the priest to be summoned in hot haste; and as soon as the hand of the trembling, tearful bride had been joined in wedlock to that of her husband, the horse, already saddled and bridled by the Baron's orders, summoned his master by his impatient whinnying not to hesitate between love and duty, and the old man, adding his paternal blessing to that of the priest, bade the bridegroom God speed on his journey. A few broken words and bursting sobs from the young wife—a few deep murmured whispers of comfort and hope from the bridegroom, and the silence of absence fell on the old pile, succeeding drearily to the bustle of the arrival, the wedding, and the departure.

That night, after bestowing on his daughter such tender, anxious words of counsel, as only a dying parent can breathe to the dear orphan he is leaving, the old Baron died.

The desolate Ida wandered about the empty castle in loneliness of heart, yearning for the living and the dead. Her situation was too painful for her unstrung frame to endure. Her strength, greatly taxed by long watching over her father, yielded now to the grief she felt at his loss, and her anxiety for the fate of her husband. A dangerous illness brought her to the brink of the grave, and when after many weeks of danger she began slowly to recover, the principal charm of her beauty had vanished. The exquisite bloom of her cheeks was gone. Nor was that all; instead of the shell-tinted purity of complexion which had formerly been so remarkable, the skin had become sallow, stained, and blotched.

It certainly was a confirmation of the truth of the old adage that beauty is only skin deep—for the change was marvellous. In spite of her fine figure and regular features, the lovely Ida of a few weeks ago would with difficulty have been recognized. This one hideous disfigurement obliterated all her charms. She was filled with dismay and alarm. Her young husband! how should she meet him, cruelly transformed as she was? How must she shrink from the eye which hitherto it had been her delight to meet? How endure to see that eye change—to see disappointment—horror—disgust take the place of the admiration which she was accustomed to see expressed on that dear face? She felt she could not bear it. Such a change would break her heart—she must die of love, mortification, and grief. She pictured to herself with morbid vividness this first recoil of surprise and aversion, and death seemed to her preferable to encountering it.

She sent for her physician, and commanded him, at any risk, or at any sacrifice on her part, to find some remedy for the affection, and offered princely rewards in case of success. The doctor essayed his utmost skill, but his efforts were in vain.

Meanwhile letters came from the young husband, announcing that peace was about to be concluded, and that in a month more he should be at home to claim the bride, from whom fate had so cruelly separated him, even on their bridal day. Ida and the doctor were both in despair. She besought him more pressingly than ever to cure her—while the good man was forced in humbleness of heart to own the impotency of his drugs. At last, one day, after a painful interview with the unhappy lady, who implored him in touching terms to come to her aid, he said reluctantly, "There is, my dear young lady, a remedy yet untried; but it is of such a dangerous, or rather fatal nature, that I have not dared to name it."

Ida seized his hand in breathless eagerness; such earnest inquiry was expressed in her looks that he could not choose but answer it.

"There are, as all the world knows, in this country, as well as in Bohemia, certain arsenic springs, the effects of whose waters on the skin are of wondrous virtue. Those who quaff them receive, as their certain reward, a complexion of singular purity and delicacy; but the boon is dearly purchased, for the price is death; death, slowly, but surely, claiming the victim as long as the daily draught is continued—death, swift and fearful, as soon as the fatal cup is withdrawn. Such," continued the physician, "is this fearful remedy, which owes its efficacy or wondrous power to the fact that the water is charged with the deadly poison, arsenic. It is a secret not known to many, that there is on your ladyship's own estate one of these springs; but I pray you have nothing to do with it. No good will come of it."

As he finished speaking, Ida rose, and clasping her hands, exclaimed fervently, "Thank heaven, I am saved! my prayers are answered! Oh, doctor, the conditions are hard, but can I hesitate? I pray you lead me to this spring."

The physician reluctantly obeyed; they crossed the pleasure grounds and entered a deep wood, within whose dim recesses, in a dark, secluded nook, a spring gushed forth mysteriously from a nook and trickled into a rocky basin, which it appeared to have worn for itself in the heart of a huge stone. The water was of a peculiar whitish color, and no living creature was to be seen in the little stream which flowed away; no plant grew near its margin.

But Ida eagerly filled the goblet she had brought with the water, and was carrying it to her lips, when the physician grasped her arm.

"Rash lady, what are you doing?" he cried; "half what your goblet holds would cause your certain death!"—and taking the glass from her hands, he poured away three-fourths of its contents, and presenting the remainder to his patient, charged her never to exceed that allowance if she valued her life.

Ida drank. It was her first sip from the fountain of death.

She had her reward; the waters of the Arsenic Spring acted as though by magic. The disfiguring stains and blemishes disappeared from her face, leaving the skin pure and smooth as marble, while a color almost unnaturally brilliant tinted her cheeks and lips. Her beauty was restored in more than its former splendor; and when her enraptured husband clasped her in his arms, she raised her eyes swimming in joyful tears to heaven, and whispered to herself softly, "Surely God will forgive me for what I have done!"

Two years of blissful love flew by. The cessation of hostilities enabled the young couple to taste the joys of domestic life in all their delicious sweetness. The Count busied himself with his people, and with the improvement of his own and his wife's estates, which were contiguous; and Ida lived joyous and happy in her husband's devoted affection, only reminded now and then of the dread trial through which she had passed, by the daily draught, which had become as essential to her existence as the air she breathed.

But now suddenly the lucky star of the young Count, which had hitherto been in the ascendant, waned. Some officers of the army, having engaged in certain treasonable measures, and being detected, were urged by jealousy and other motives, to falsely accuse him of participation in their plots. Trials, in those days, were summary and partial things; to be accused was almost necessarily to be found guilty; and the Count, unable to prove his innocence, was speedily adjudged to death. The Empress, however, in consideration of former valuable services, commuted the sentence to one of banishment for life, only allowing the criminal a week or two to make the necessary arrangements.

The young Count returned home to do so in bitterness of heart, conscious as he was of nothing but chivalric devotion to her who thus believed his cowardly accusers. Ida too began cheerfully to prepare to accompany him, when suddenly a thought of horror struck her. It came back to her memory like a dream; and yet she remembered but too well that the physician had said she would die—die! as soon as she ceased to drink the waters of the Arsenic Spring. She sent for him in alarm; but he only mournfully confirmed his verdict. Her cheek blanched with terror, as though she heard the dread sentence for the first time. She fancied she had familiarized herself to the thought which she was now required to face—but found herself mistaken. She recoiled with horror from the dread spectre, whose chill breath she already felt on her warm cheek.

"Surely, surely," she cried, "there must be some remedy—some substitute—some antidote? Ah, doctor, can nothing save me?"

The physician turned away his head—he could give no hope—no chemical combination then discovered could supply the place of this wondrous beverage from nature's own laboratory.

Ida made one other effort to save herself; it was by using her all-powerful influence on her husband, to induce him to humble himself to the Empress, as to sue for any change in his sentence, no matter what, which would permit his remaining in the country. Ida pleaded as reason for this reluctance to leave Hungary, her most true conviction that she could not live away from it. But the answer of the Empress was stern and brief:—"Criminals were not permitted to choose their punishments."

Ida perceived that her last hope was gone. Look which way she would, she saw death awaiting her. Even if fortune had permitted her still to remain near the fatal spring, death was surely claiming her, as many a fearful spasm about her heart had already admonished her. If she forsook it to follow her husband, the same doom awaited her yet more speedily; and, hateful thought! before then, probably, a return of the hideous disfiguration, to be free from which she chose as she had chosen. She did not even now repent that choice, and she nerved herself now to accept the lot she had deliberately elected. It had come a little sooner than she expected—that was all. The uncertainty was gone, and with it the agitation of hope alternating with despair, which had shaken her being to its centre; a dignified composure was perceptible in her manner, as in her spirit.

She calmly and efficiently assisted her husband in completing his arrangements, packing up with her own hands most of his personal effects, remembering to add those trifles so essential to a man's comfort when away from home, which only thoughtful affection can suggest, and not forgetting many a fond, tender little token, or dear memento, whose meaning was known only to them two. At last all was ready; and the husband and wife sat together alone on the last evening they should ever spend in that beloved home.

Never before had Ida so yielded to the tenderness of her nature—never before had even her husband seen the whole unveiled love of her heart;—and never, never had he seemed so dear—and never, even as a bride, had he seemed to love her so fondly! Did any dim, prophetic feeling forewarn him of the approaching doom?

The usual hour for parting came; but as he was leaving her, Ida detained her husband to say playfully,

"You will not fail to take me with you to-morrow!"

"Of course not—a strange thought, my love!"

"You promise!"

"Ay, swear it, if you—" returned the Count, carelessly, as he left the apartment.

As soon as he had gone, the Countess rang for her maid.

"Did you procure the water from the spring, as I desired?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady," replied the girl; and leaving the room, she speedily returned, bringing a goblet on a salver.

"Place it on the table, and—good night—I shall not want you any more, my poor girl."

The girl withdrew; and Ida proceeded to array herself in the simple white robe in which, at her father's death-bed, she had given her hand to him whose slightest wish from that time to this had been dearer to her than her life. Then, placing herself on her couch, she raised the brimming goblet to her lips, and murmuring,

"At least I have had two years of perfect joy!" she drained the fatal draught to the bottom.

On the morrow, notwithstanding the bustle and confusion in the castle, occasioned by the preparations for the journey, the Countess slept late, and her maid reported that she could not wake her. The Count went to her himself;—what wonder that gazing on all that wealth of beauty, and on those cheeks still dyed with a brilliant red, he could not believe that he looked on death!

But she was dead. The penalty had been paid!

☞ Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question whether he was in the land of the living—"No; but I am almost there."

THE BOY ALOFT.

A THRILLING NAUTICAL SKETCH.

Captain Basil Hall, in his miscellaneous writing, relates an incident on board of a British frigate to illustrate the terrible cruelty inflicted upon seamen, in the name of discipline, during the early years of the present century. He describes a timid boy who was so cruelly lashed because he was afraid to go aloft, that he became a maniac, and ever afterward appeared to act without fear, running like a monkey from masthead to masthead, and along the yards.

An old man-of-war's man told the writer of this the same story many years ago, with a sequel which Captain Hall has not given. The sailor's story was in substance as follows:—

A timid boy, about fourteen years of age, hesitated to go aloft, but, by the captain's orders, was forcibly put in the main rigging, and then a boatswain's mate was commanded to lash him like a dog until he learned to run aloft. The poor fellow's legs and arms trembled, he grasped the shrouds, he cried, he prayed the inhuman captain for God's sake to have mercy on him; but all in vain. The boatswain's mate was ordered to lay on harder and harder, regardless of the boy's piercing screams, which made even veteran seamen turn from the brutal scene with disgust. His clothes was rent from his back, the blood followed the lash, and still the tyrant roared out, "Lay on, boatswain's mate!" With one wild scream he sprang from under the lash, and bounded up the rigging with amazing rapidity. He doubled the futtock rigging like a cat, passed up the topmast and topgallant rigging with undiminished speed, shinned the unrattled royal rigging, and perched himself like a bird alongside of the pennant which streamed from the masthead. Here he paused, looking fearlessly upon the deck below. All hands came up to see him—his cries and cruel treatment had already enlisted their sympathy, and, if possible, had increased their hatred of the captain.

The monster was smiling complacently at the success of his experiment; he was one of those tyrants who boasted that the cat, properly applied, could make men do anything. Still he was apprehensive that the boy might destroy himself, and the circumstance be used against him at the Admiralty, where he knew representations of his cruelty had already been made. The men gazed in silence, looking first at the boy and then at the captain, who was seated near the taffrail. They dared not be seen speaking to one another—it was a flogging offence; even at night spies passed under their hammocks to ascertain if they whispered. The officers walked the lee side of the quarter-deck, occasionally casting their eyes aloft, but were as silent as the men.

Still the boy clung to the masthead, playing with the pennant, apparently unconscious of the interest he excited below. Tired with gazing aloft, the captain sung out through the speaking trumpet, "Down from aloft! down!"

The boy sprang upon the truck at a bound, and raising himself erect, waved his cap around his head; then, stretching his arms out, gave a wild, laughing scream, and threw himself forward. The captain jumped to his feet, expecting to see the boy dashed in pieces on deck; but when clear of the shade of the sails, he saw him sliding along the main royal stay toward the foretop-gallant masthead, and heard him laugh and chatter like a monkey, as if enjoying the sport. He reached the masthead in safety, and then descended along the topgallant backstay hand-over-hand. The captain looked at him, and was about to speak, but could not find words. The boy frothed at the mouth and nose; his eyes seemed starting out of his head; he rolled upon the deck in convulsions, staining it with the blood which still trickled from his back. He was a maniac. The surgeon's skill in the course of a few weeks restored his body to health, but not his reason.

From that time forward he was fearless. In the darkest night, the fiercest gale, he would scamper along the deck like a dog, and bound aloft with a speed which no one on board could equal. He would run over the yards without holding, pass from mast to mast on the stays, ascend and descend by the leeches of the sails, and run upon the studding-sail booms. He was as nimble as a cat, and had forgotten fear. Some of the light duties aloft he learned to discharge in company with the men—he did as they did, but could not be trusted to do anything himself. One order he always obeyed without hesitation. At the command "Away aloft," he was off, and never paused until he reached the masthead. As he was harmless and rarely spoke, the captain kept him on board, and in the course of a year, sent him aloft for amusement. His strength increased with his years, but his bulk and height remained nearly the same at eighteen, as when he became a maniac.

His ribs, breast, and back seemed one case of bone, and his sinews and muscles made his legs and arms appear like pillared columns. He was fair, with light blue eyes and delicate skin; his face oval and full, but void of expression—neither love, fear, revenge, or pleasure, could be traced to its stolid outline. His eyes stared at everything without appearing to see, and, when he spoke, there was rarely any meaning in his words. He followed the men in their various duties like a dog following his master. Whenever he was struck or started by a boatswain's mate, he ran up the main rigging, screaming at the top of his lungs, and never paused until he had performed the first evolution which had made him a maniac. As the sailor's story runs, the ship arrived at Plymouth to be decked and refitted. The captain, availing himself of the leisure, was going to be married, and the news was communicated by his servant to the cook, who soon circulated it on the berth-deck among the men, who cursed him and all of his kin.

His servant came on board of the hulk where the men where lodged, the evening when the captain was to be married. Crazy Joe (the name the boy was known by) met him at the gangway, and asked intelligently if the captain would be married that evening, and where? The servant gave him the information he desired and went about his business.

That night, while the captain was undressing, he was seized by the throat and dragged to the bridal bed.

"Look, fair lady, on me," said crazy Joe, "but do not scream, or I will kill you. Look on me. I hold within my grasp a devil, who delights in cruelty—a merciless fiend who has scourged the back of hundreds of brave men—a ruffian who has robbed me of my reason; I hold him within the grasp of death, at the very moment his black soul thought itself within the reach of bliss. Monster! look upon your lady—think a moment of the heaven of earthly joy almost within your reach—then think of me, poor crazy Joe! and of the hell to which I send you! Die, wretch, die!"

When the alarm was given, the strangled body of the captain was found lying alongside of the bridal bed; but the maniac who killed him was never recognised afterwards. He belonged to Cornwall, and probably found shelter from pursuit in the mines until the excitement passed away.

The lady stated at the time, and many years afterwards, that the attack of the maniac was so sudden and silent, that she knew nothing of it until the curtains were pushed aside and she felt the pressure of the captain's body bent over the edge of the bed. Joe held his victim around the neck with the right hand, and turned him from side to side as easily as if he had been a child, while the forefinger and thumb of the left hand grasped her own throat, ready to extinguish her life if she attempted to raise an alarm.

His face was pale and death-like, his eyes started, but were motionless, and every word he uttered seemed to issue from the very depths of his soul. The captain's looks were terrible beyond description—death left the impress of ferocity upon his darkened features. How the maniac entered or left the room she never knew; his departure was as noiseless as his entrance. So paralyzed was she with fear, that an hour elapsed before she could muster courage to call for help; but she thanked God, when the captain's cruel character became generally known ashore, that she had been rescued from his alliance.

Second-Hand Loves Best.—A poetess glorifying her sweetheart for having had some previous experience, says:

When first he talked to me of love—
A savant in its tactics—
I felt quite thankful some one else
Had had his early practice.

Now, do you think that second love
Have cause for dark reflection?
Practice improves in everything.
And love is no exception.

Sam and the Beauty.—"'Well,' says I, and I rested agin on my elbow, and looked up into her beautiful face—for there's no way a gall looks so pretty as when in that position. If they have to look up to you, it kinder causes them to throw the head back, opens the eyes too wide, and covers the whole face with strong light. Half the beauty, and more nor half the expression is lost. Besides, the neck is apt to look cordy. When they look down, the eyelashes fall, and the eye is better shaped, more oval, less round, and is more liquid. The beautiful bow-shape of the mouth shows better, the ringlets hang graceful, and there's shades here and there in the face that sets it off grand. Nothin' ever looks pretty in glare. That's the advantage in paintin'. It makes one know what he couldn't larn without it. My clocks have been the makin' of me, that's a fact. Daubin' figures on em' set me to study drawin' and paintin', and that made me study natur'. An artis has more than two eyes, that's a fact. 'Sophy,' says I, 'afore I go, I must try and take you, just as you now sit.'"—*Sam Slick.*

DR. WINDSHIP ON PHYSICAL CULTURE.

We have the pleasure of placing before our readers an article on physical culture from the pen of Dr. Windship, who has been properly denominated the modern Samson. Any one can write about the laws of health, but no one can speak with the authority of Dr. Windship, for he gives us in his person the practical evidence of beneficial results from following out his own theories; or, more properly speaking, what he says is the result of his careful experience while training his system up to its present magnificent state of health. The doctor, after stating that the essential fact in education is a strict care of the body, joined with judicious mental training, goes on to say:—

The present movement in behalf of physical culture would seem to encourage the belief that a revival of some of those great convictions in regard to education, which prevailed in ancient Greece, is now about to dawn. In its full sense, education is a leading forth of the faculties of the mind through the healthy development of those of the body. In physical culture, I would comprehend culture of the body in its most extended sense; not of the trunk alone, but with it of the neck, head, and limbs, and of whatever of us is material; it is the application of means for physical improvement, the avoidance of habits that infallibly involve physical degeneracy; the development of the bodily powers; the conversion of disease into soundness, of weakness into strength, of awkwardness into grace, of disproportion into correspondence: in short, the elaboration and finishing of the edifice in which mind resides—that temple made of clay—that house we live in.

Improvement of one's physical state can never be entered upon too early, and so long as there is an atom of life and strength, never too late. Let no one despair of success in the attempt. Dr. Warren, in his little work on Health, tell us of a number of the legal profession who practised gymnastics for the first time and with the happiest results, when nearly seventy years old. Cornaro, the Italian, whose treatise on Health and Long Life has given him a world-wide reputation, began at forty to repair the ravages which many years of dissipation had made upon a constitution naturally infirm; and, in spite of the predictions of all his physicians and friends, he succeeded not only in restoring the health he had lost, but in gaining a health he had never before experienced. He was eighty when he published his treatise; lived to see it through four editions, and died tranquilly in his bed after he had completed his one hundredth year.

In this connection it is worth while to observe how much may be accomplished by simply correcting a single bad habit. The legal gentleman to whom Dr. Warren alludes was much benefitted by gymnastics. On the other hand, Cornaro, as he himself states, found a panacea for all his ills, in a careful avoidance of intemperance in eating and drinking. It is indeed of little consequence what path we pursue, if by it we can reach the desired goal, *tuto, cito, et jucunde*. Sometimes it may be inconvenient to take the best path; let us, then, do the next best thing. At an early age I was told by many that to practice a heroic degree of self-denial, and to *rise from the table hungry* was the way to secure health. For many years I tried to do this, but succeeded very imperfectly. I at length resolved to attempt the next best thing, and am not sure that it was not the best thing of all. It was merely this—to put no extra restraint upon my appetite, to practice no very rigorous self-denial, but to eat and drink about as much as I desired, and then by my subsequent self-management, to take care that I should make myself *need* every particle I had swallowed.

Soon after I began to carry out this principle, I experienced a cessation of indigestion, and the many ills to which it gives rise. Having found, too, that this principle worked well in the long run, I still retain it as one of the cardinal rules in my method of training.

And what is my method? you will perhaps inquire. It is the doing the right thing, in the right way, at the right time. It is the obtaining a sufficiency without going to excess. It is the using my own discretion about everything, without blindly following another's precept or another's example, or even tieing myself down to rules of my own devising. It is the carrying out of what may seem to be the expediency of the moment. It is the doing what may seem best under the circumstances.

But though it may be difficult for me to describe briefly and clearly what my method is, that is no argument against its efficacy. What other method would have insured for me an appreciable gain in strength, day by day, month by month, and year by year, with an almost entire exemption, meanwhile, from any but the most trivial disorders? Let the following facts speak for themselves:

I was nearly seventeen years of age before I seriously undertook to improve my physical condition. I was then but five feet in height and a hundred pounds in weight. I was rather strong for my size, but not strong for my years, and my health was not vigorous. I am now twenty-six years of age, five feet seven inches in height, and one hundred and forty-eight pounds in weight. My strength is more than twice that of an ordinary man, and my health is as excellent as my strength.

What has produced this astonishing change in my physical condition during the last nine years? I will attempt to sum up a few of the proximate causes that may have led to this result.

1st. I have breathed an abundance of pure, fresh air almost constantly.

2nd. I have exposed myself sufficiently to the sun.

3rd. I have eaten an abundance of wholesome food.

4th. I have drank less than a quart of spirituous liquors, and less than a gallon of fermented.

5th. I have used less than an ounce of tobacco.

6th. I have taken, nearly every day, about a half-hour's gymnastic exercise in the open air.

7th. I have conformed to the customs of society only so far as they were not at variance with health.

8th. Regarding procrastination as the thief not only of time, but also of health, I have shunned it as especially dangerous in all matters pertaining to physical well-being.

9th. I have poisoned myself as little as possible by food contaminated with lead, copper, brass, or bell-metal.

10th. I have developed my body harmoniously.

11th. I have allowed myself at least ten hours rest in almost every twenty-four.

12th. I have paid a due regard to bathing, without, however, rendering myself amphibious, or carrying a good thing to excess.

13th. I have been particular that every portion of my dress should be as loose and easy as the freest action of my muscles and limbs would demand.

During these nine years, while endeavoring to promote my physical welfare, I have made the following discoveries:

1st. That whatever increased my strength improved my health.

2nd. That one means of improving my health was to increase my strength.

3rd. That the stronger I became, the healthier I became.

4th. That it was as easy for me to increase the strength of my body as it was that of a magnet.

5th. That, by developing my body harmoniously, I could preclude the possibility of hernia, or any other serious injury, that otherwise might arise from an extremely violent action of my muscles.

6th. That lifting, if properly practised, was the surest and quickest method of producing harmonious development; while it was also the most strengthening of all exercises, and consequently the most healthful.

7th. That it was better, while exercising, to perform twenty different feats once, than one feat twenty times.

8th. That it was possible for me to take, in fifteen or twenty minutes, all the gymnastic exercises that I should need in twenty-four hours.

9th. That I could gain faster in strength by forty minutes' gymnastic exercise, once in two days, than by twenty minutes of the same daily.

10th. That, as my strength increased, my exercise should be more intense, but less protracted.

11th. That increase of the muscular power was attended with increase of the digestive.

12th. That one means of increasing the digestive power, was to increase the muscular.

13th. That many articles of food had formerly proved injurious to me, not because they were *really* unwholesome, but because I was unable to digest them.

14th. That a person may become possessed of great physical strength, without having inherited it.

15th. That, by increasing the strength, a predisposition to certain diseases may be removed, and diseases already present removed or mitigated.

16th. *That increase of strength cannot long continue, on a diet exclusively vegetable.*

17th. That *increasing the strength made* excretion take place less from the skin, but more from the lungs and the other emunctories.

18th. That what benefits a part of the body, benefits more or less, the whole.

19th. That, long before I succeeded in lifting 1,100 pounds with the hands, or in shouldering a barrel of flour from the floor, I had ceased to be troubled with sick headache, nervousness, and indigestion.

20th. That a delicate boy of seventeen need not despair of becoming in time a remarkably strong and healthy man.

Having made the subject of health and strength a speciality for so many consecutive years, and with a success that has excited my interest, it may be pardonable in me to offer the following rules for the promotion of physical culture:

1. Select, if possible, for your sleeping apartment, a room on the "sunny side."

2. Let the sun have access to it at least six hours a day.

3. Keep it thoroughly ventilated the whole time, particularly during the night.

4. Contrive, however, to have it thoroughly ventilated without subjecting you to too great a draft.

5. Practise general ablution at least once a week in cold weather, and twice a week in warm, but seldom oftener in a New England climate. [In offering this rule, I expect to be censured by quite a large class in the community who seem to delight in daily soaking and splashing in water, not having, probably, the slightest consciousness that by so doing they defeat every intention for which water is externally applied.]

6. Allow yourself not less than eight hours' rest as a daily average. [I allow myself not less than ten.]

7. Never, while in good health, let the temperature of your apartment, when heated artificially, get above 70° by Fahrenheit. [I prefer for myself a temperature of about 60°.]

8. Keep the atmosphere of any apartment you occupy sufficiently pure, by occasionally opening windows, and sufficiently moist, when it is being artificially warmed, by the constant evaporation of water.

9. Never forget that the combustion of any inflammable substance is invariably productive of poisonous gases.

10. Never use food of any kind, if you can conveniently avoid it, that you have reason to believe was prepared in a copper, brass, or bell-metal utensil, no matter how scientifically such utensil may have been "protected."

11. Never use water internally or externally that has come in contact with *lead* or any other poisonous substance, if you can have choice of that which has only come in contact with iron, gutta-percha, or glass.

12. If you must use water that has come in contact with a poisonous substance, neglect no expedient for rendering such water as nearly free from it as possible.

13. Most use that kind of food which you most prefer if your experience is not against it, without regard to what Liebig has said of its chemical constituents, or Beaumont of its digestibility.

14. Never "rise from the table hungry," if you are not an invalid, but completely satisfy your appetite. The digestive power, like the muscular, will be weakened, if not vigorously exercised.

15. Avoid excessive exercise of either mind or body, lest you create a necessity for narcotics and stimulants.

16. Avoid too little exercise for the same reason.

17. Increase your strength as one means of improving your health.

18. Practice lifting as the most strengthening of all exercises, and consequently the most healthful, but practise it with the utmost caution until you have ceased to have any weak point.

19. Use dumb-bells as a means of exercise, to be ranked next to lifting in importance, and let them be always as heavy as you can conveniently handle, but use them with great caution, and never for a longer time than ten or fifteen minutes in the course of a whole day.

20. Develope the body harmoniously, in order that you may preclude the possibility of hernia, or any other serious injury which otherwise might result from a violent action of your muscular system.

21. Never let the duration of gymnastic exercise exceed a half-hour daily, or an hour once in two days.

22. Never rise early unless you retire early, or sleep with your windows closed, or have something to attend to which will not permit you to lie late.

23. If you retire late, or sleep with your windows open, lie until you feel like rising, whatever may be the hour.

24. Gradually wear less clothing about your neck until you wear so little that you can at any time allow your neck to be entirely exposed without being liable to take cold.

25. Be careful that your dress is at all times loose and easy in every particular.

26. Conform to the customs of society no further than your health will admit.

☞ "Am I Not My Own Master?"—When we hear these words coming boastfully from the lips of a young man just entering upon his majority, we cannot forbear recalling the reply of a French prince to a stranger whom he encountered in one of the rooms of his palace. "Pray, sir," said the prince, "to whom do you belong?" "To myself," gruffly replied the stranger. "Ah, my dear sir," was the ready retort; "what a pity it is you have such a bad master!"

☞ Dreadful Consequences.—"What are you doing, my son?" said a father to his boy Billy. "Smoking a sweet fern cigar, father; I made it." "Throw it away this minute; don't you know that a boy that smokes fern will smoke tobacco, and if he smokes tobacco he will drink rum, and if he drinks rum he will lie, and if he lies he will steal, and if he steals he will commit murder, and if he murders he will be hung."

☞ Good Advice.—A well-meaning but intemperate divine, whose furious denunciations of the short-comings of his flock justly laid him open to the commentary passed on Charles Fox, that though he knew how to hit the right nail on the head, he generally hit it till he split his work, was once impelled to ask one of his congregation what he thought of his philippics. "Sir," said his friend, "I think that good advice is like brandy and water; a capital thing in its way, but nobody likes to swallow it scalding hot."

☞ Price of Wine Two Centuries Ago in England.—Among the items furnished for a jollification to the dignitaries of the London College of Physicians in 1676, it is stated that eight bottles of claret and two of sack cost the corporation *fifteen shillings and threepence*, bottles and porterage included. The expenses of such beverages is now-a-days very different, since at least four times as much would be charged for some artificial compound or "rot gut," designated wine, but which was innocent of having any grape-juice in its composition.

☞ English Butter.—Holland and other foreign countries, in summer, when the make of butter is at its largest, usually ship to England from 6,000 to 7,000 casks weekly. At present they send from 13,000 to 14,000 casks a week, although it is impossible to produce that quantity in its genuine state. Of these 13,000 casks, more than two-thirds are adulterated with farina, beef suet, and other substances, to the extent of from 30 to 50 per cent.

☞ No mistake is greater than to suppose that enjoyment depends upon extraordinary and difficult conditions. We can make ourselves very happy for hours, with simply watching happy people.

☞ Men often say "no trust," and perhaps they are often right. But Nature demands the fullest trust of all who seek her gifts. The words "no trust" are never written upon her door-posts. It is all trust, when the seed is sown, that she will surrender it again; all trust, when the blade is green, that the harvest will not fail; all trust that the sweet influence of the Pleiades will still be shed, and the singing birds return.

☞ A pleasant and cheerful mind sometimes grows upon an old and worn out body, like mistletoe upon a dead tree.

☞ To live truly and faithfully to-day is better than to have died yesterday: getting ready to *end* well is only to *begin* well.

☞ It was said of the late Lord Anson, the famous navigator, that he never had any levees because he knew not how to talk, nor ever answered a letter because he scarcely knew how to write.

☞ After Pope had written some bitter verses on Lady M. W. Montagu, he told a friend of his that he should soon have ample revenge upon her, for that he had set her down in black and white, and should soon publish what he had written. "Be so good as to tell the little gentleman," was the reply, "that I am not at all afraid of him; for if he sets me down in black and white, as he calls it, most assuredly I will have him set down in *black and blue*."—*Malone.*

☞ There is no man suddenly either excellently good or extremely evil.

☞ The founders of large fortunes are sometimes too mean to enjoy them.

SONNET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WILLIAM NUTTALL, M. D.

The first gray hair, the first gray hair,
The early touch of time and care.
The feather from the monarch's wing,
That reigns o'er every living thing.
The first flake of the coming snow
That wreathes the centenarian brow.
The hoarfrost of the endless night,
That shrouds the earth from human sight.
The white foam of the shoreless sea
That rolleth in eternity.
The silvery ray of heavenly light
That shineth after death's midnight.
The blossom of life's aged tree
Whose fruit is sad mortality.

THE TEMPTED FARMER.

There is a custom at Barnard castle market that all butter bought for sale, if found short of weight, shall be condemned and seized. Upon this custom "hangs a tale," as follows:

Tommy S——, a small farmer, residing in the neighborhood, was one day commissioned by his wife to take the weekly basket of butter to the market. Now Tommy "liked a drop;" and his wife, knowing his weakness, confided to him but a small allowance of pocket-money. Tommy duly disposed of his butter, and then repaired to his inn, where he regaled himself to the extent of the cash given him by his wife. Friends dropped in, and Tommy would fain have joined them in their potations; but then he had no money! At length a brilliant thought struck in;—there was the "butter brass!" Tommy laughed aloud at his simplicity in not thinking of this before. He drew his purse, and ordered "glasses round," and placed the required amount upon the table with a bang. The butter money in time became exhausted, and Tommy took his road homeward. On the way he cogitated upon his plan of accounting for the disappearance of the money; and on his reaching his own door, his scheme was fully matured. He threw the door violently open, to the great astonishment of his wife, who was standing near it, and entered the house with a furious stamp. Throwing the empty butter basket to the far end of the room, he shouted, in a fierce voice—

"There! tak' thy basket! Thou, an' thy leet butter! Thou's disgraced me, all ower t' country side!"

Tommy had never before dared to make a display of this nature; and his wife said—

"Why, whativver's t' matter, Tommy? Where's t' butter brass?"

"Where's t' butter brass!" replied Tommy, in a withering tone; "aw, say butter brass! Thou needn't ax that! Ivvery pung was leet, an' t' butter-wyves gat it all!"

"Leet!" shouted the wife, in anger and consternation.

"Aye, leet!" thundered Tommy; "an' aw was laughed at be all t' folks at market!"

Tommy sat down, and looked the picture of injured innocence; whilst his wife, honest woman, burst into tears, to think she should have had *her* butter seized, which she had always prided herself upon as being overweight.

"Aw—shure—Tommy," she sobbed, "it was full—two ounces—abune—weight; an—tigan—an' losset—all—this—way!—Oh! dear! Oh! dear!"

Tommy sat with a stern gravity of demeanor that would have done credit to the judicial bench. His heart smote him, however, for the deception he had practised; but for his life he durst not confess. And so they went to bed, the poor woman still lamenting the loss of her butter. Time went on, and at length the truth oozed out. The consequence to Tommy may be imagined. His supply of pocket-money was immediately stopped; and as for sending him again to market with the butter!—the bare idea roused the good wife to a pitch of frenzy! Should the circumstance be alluded to in their presence, Tommy is glad to sneak quietly away, to avoid the storm of reproaches which his wife inevitably pours upon his guilty head; for the meek and contrite spirit which he has ever since displayed has not yet, in her opinion, half condoned the enormity of the transgression into which, in a moment of jovial weakness, he allowed himself to be betrayed.

Anecdote of Charles Townshend.—About Charles Townshend, of whose brilliant power of repartee we have heard so much, but of whose spoken sarcasms we possess so few, Malone tells a little story:—

"When the latter Mr. Harris of Salisbury made his first speech in the House of Commons, Charles Townshend asked, with an affected surprise, who he was? He had never seen him before. 'Ah! you must, at least, have heard of him. That's the celebrated Mr. Harris of Salisbury, who has written a very ingenious book on *grammar*, and another on *virtue*.' 'What the d—l then brings him here? I am sure he will neither find the one nor the other in the House of Commons.'"

Malone kindly adds:—"Mr. Townshend knew Mr. Harris well enough; but it was a common practice with him, as with other wits, to lay traps for saying good things."

Weary of Life.—And comes it ever to the Christian, in his conflicts with self, and sin, and Satan, to grow weary of the ceaseless warfare, and say, "I am weary of life?" Let him remember the promise is, "He that *endureth to the end* shall be saved." How much is included in the word "endureth;" how much of stern toil, of care, of bitter sorrow. He who gave this promise knew well all that His children would be called to endure. He Himself trod life's darkest, roughest paths. He was tempted, even as we, but never, never from His lips went up the murmur, "I am weary of life." How much more, were we like Christ, could we, in all our trials, lift to Heaven an unclouded brow, and say, in all sincerity, "Not my will but Thine."

☞ Mrs. Swisshelm says that the popularity of her paper in Minnesota, is due to the fact that people are always expecting she will say something she ought not to.

☞ Enjoy the glory of the sun, and not put out your eyes by trying to count the spots upon his face.

MY WIFE'S HEN SPECULATION.

One morning, as "my wife" was reading the grocery man's bill, she exclaimed in a most surprised tone, "Six dozen of eggs in one week at thirty cents a dozen!" (she drew a very long breath at this point and I followed suit,) "come to one dollar and eighty cents a week!"

"Exactly," I replied, rather sharp and prompt.

"I'd like to know what we are coming to!" inquired my "better half."

"That's my sentiments," I remarked, in a low tone, and raising my voice and speaking to a younger Smith, who was eating breakfast with me; "John, see what y'er coming to when y'er get married!" He smiled, I tried to, but it was very hard work.

"I don't believe," resumed my wife, "but what that grocery man tucks on a cent or two, just because he knows you (that's *me*, thought I,) won't say a word. I don't see why eggs should be so high." There was a dead calm for two minutes—my eyes were resting upon the last boiled egg on the table in profound meditation. Just as I was about to remark that we had better get along with less eggs, I caught a glance of my wife's eyes, and concluded that it would be well to let her do the talking. "I don't see why," she again resumed, "that it should cost so much to live? We ought to raise all the eggs we want to use, ourselves."

"Good business," I said, "that of *raising* eggs." My wife continued—

"There's Mrs. G——, she has all the eggs she wants, and some to sell. She keeps hens and her back yard is no bigger than ours. Now, let's we keep hens, we can save a dollar a week." John smiled, my wife smiled, I smiled, in fact, the whole family—even down to the youngest Smith, smiled.

"Good," said I.

At this point my wife enlarged upon the merits of Chittagongs, Shanghais, Burmah Pootras, Chinas, and a host of other different kinds of hens. This subject was the only one discussed at our meals for the next week. She bought all the different books relative to raising hens she could find in the bookstores, and the seventh day the entire family had an attack of the "Hen Fever." Even the youngest Smith's attack was so severe that he rolled out of the cradle in attempting to clap his arms and crow.

The building of a hen-coop was decided upon. My wife was the architect. It was built after an original design, and resembled a patent sausage-stuffer as much as a hen-coop. Her next proceeding was to send me to Rocky Hill, among her agricultural acquaintances, after a peculiar breed of hens; they were duly purchased and installed in our coop. So far, all right and successful. That night, there was a procession of hens and chickens, headed by a dozen gigantic roosters, that reached the entire length of Main street. They, of course, paid a visit to my wife; and, of course, I made a speech, and they responded by such a tremendous crowing and cackling that it sounded as if Bedlam had broken loose. As each pullet passed my door she made a most graceful curtsey and dropped an egg—the ground was covered, and looked as if there had been a snow storm of eggs. I filled the buttery, cellar, garret, closets, and every possible nook and corner with eggs; and as I was about to put a two-bushel basket full of them in the parlor under the piano, I stumbled and upset the entire lot upon that instrument, breaking every single egg. The yellow liquid ran down through the keys of the piano, thence on to the nice Brussels carpet, and all over my wife's dresses and furs, which had been brought out of the closet to make more room for eggs.

That moment was one of great despair—clenching both hands into my hair, I screamed out one of the wildest and loudest shrieks that mortal ears ever heard.

"Goodness," shrieked my wife, jumping out of bed, and landing in the middle of the room; "are you crazy?"

"No, guess not," said I, waking up and collecting my scattered senses; "only an attack of the hen fever."

Since that memorable night six mortal weeks have passed, during which time I have watched, fed, and taken the best care of those "Rocky Hill chickens," and instead of saving a dollar a week, they have increased my expenses. Like certain bank stocks, I have given up all hopes of a dividend. I had looked regularly every day into that hen coop, only to be disappointed—not a single egg had they seen fit to lay. As the holidays were coming, I suggested to my wife, as the old rooster seemed to be an almost useless member of the crop, the propriety of wringing his neck. "Mr. Smith," said she, "I want you to know that that rooster belongs to me, and I intend to keep *him* whether the hens lay or not!" For the first time in my life, the green eyed monster took possession of my breast. I vowed eternal vengeance upon that old rooster. Just think of it for a moment—my wife snubbing my nose on account of an old Shanghai rooster. "You can't expect them to lay this cold weather," said she, breaking the silence; "it is so cold. If they had a dose of red pepper, it might do them good."

"Yes," said I, "red pepper might do them some good." Now's a good time to give that old rooster fits. Red pepper, thought I to myself. So I prepared a dose of red pepper for them, looking out to give my wife's old rooster a double dose. You can little imagine, Mr. T——, with what infinite satisfaction and delight I watched the progress of affairs in that coop. The next day I actually found an egg in the coop. I marked it No. 1, carried it into the house, and requested my wife to save it till she had got a dozen. I gave my wife's rooster another dose of red pepper. The next day I found the second egg in the coop, and was about to mark No. 2 on one end, when I discovered figure 1, the very mark I had made the day before. I also noticed that the nest did not look much like a hen's nest. I remarked the same to my wife. She thought it was owing to the red pepper. I thought so, too, and asked her to fetch the eggs in after that time, and save me the trouble. The next day, egg No. 1 was in the box—I wrote upon it, "*Laid by Mrs. Smith, Dec. 31st, 1858.*" The next morning, I found that the egg had been taken away also, and that four out of seven hens were dead as a brick. For the first time in my life, I was satisfied that my wife's speculation was a failure—that she was a woman not to be trifled with. Whether the death of those "Rocky Hill chickens" was caused by the cold weather, or over doses of red pepper or any other cause, I am unable to state—but I never mentioned my suspicions to my wife.

I append below the result of *my wife's hen speculation*:—

Hens.	Dr.
To 7 hens, at 38c per head,	$2,66
" 1 Shanghai rooster, (full blood,)	74
" Coop, lumber, cost of making,	5,65
" Lost time, hire of teams, &c.,	4,50
" 2 bush. of corn at 80c per bush.,	1,60
" Miscellaneous items of feed,	88
" Red pepper (to make 'em lay,)	5
Total expenses,	$16,98
Inventory of coop and contents, Jan. 1, 1859.	
Value of coop,	99
Decrease of value of 3 hens in coop, 25c per head,	39
Do. rooster, (not worth a cent,)	00
Total value of my wife's hen property,	$1,38

As there is nothing to carry to the credit of the hen account, you will notice the total expenses which have occurred, the result of my wife trying to raise eggs, and save a dollar a week on the grocery man's bill.

I am, permanently, yours, Smith.

Louis Napoleon's Division of French Society.—Here is a rather fuller account of an amusing scene, already noticed in The Post:—

During the recent trial of M. Vacherot, at Paris, on a charge of having written a pamphlet which "excited to hatred and contempt of the government, and endeavored to set one class of citizens against another," the advocate for the defence (M. Marie) contended that there was no ground for a prosecution, and quoted a well-known work which had never been prosecuted, in which French society was divided into "*sybarites and helots.*" On hearing this, the presiding judge exclaimed, "*That is abominable. Who wrote that? Why was that not prosecuted?*" M. Marie replied, "I am quoting from the works of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte," upon which the president, in a great rage, threatened to clear the court.

Interfering With Providence.—We have a curious story of a professed Christian, who owns a large pile of money, and is generally believed to love it most dearly. A poor neighbor was in great need of a small loan, by means of which he could save his little home from being forfeited and lost. He called on the man who owned the money and requested a little aid. The man considered the case, and at length replied:—

"Well, Mr. Jones, I have the money, it is true, and could spare it, and would be glad to aid you if it were not for one consideration. I believe that Providence designs that you should bear this trial, and if I should help you out I might interfere with the purposes of Providence in regard to you."

☞ Thomson, the poet, author of the "Castle of Indolence," was so extremely indolent, that half his mornings were spent in bed. Dr. Burney having called on him one day at two o'clock, expressed surprise at finding him still there, and asked how he came to lie so long? "Good, mon, because I had no *mot-tire* to rise," was his sole answer.—*Malone's Life.*

☞ They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

☞ The purest metal is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt from the darkest storm.

☞ A volume of poems by the Rev. R. T. S. Lowell, is in process of publication. Mr. Lowell is already quite well known to the literary world as the author of 'The New Priest in Conception Bay.' He is a brother of Mr. James Russell Lowell of Cambridge.

☞ A Proverb of Some Solemn-'un!—"It is better that a woman should scold than do worse. Better for us to endure the present ills than fly to others that we know not of. We do not relish the noise of scolding. We never did. Scolding seems to be a poor use to make of a woman. But, then, scolding may have its advantages. We do not like the noise of a boiler blowing off steam; but if it saves the boiler from bursting, we should be content to endure it."

☞ Duties.—Every man ought to pay his debts—if he can. Every man ought to help his neighbor—if he can. Every man and woman ought to get married—if they can. Every man should do his work to suit his customers—if he can. Every man should please his wife—if he can. Every wife should sometimes hold her tongue—if she can. Every lawyer should sometimes tell the truth—if he can. Every man should mind his own business—if he can, and every woman too. Every one should take the Saturday Evening Post, and pay for it—any how.

☞ Alcoholic Test.—A red nose.—*Punch.*

☞ A Spiritual Inquiry.—Is it likely that ghosts talk in the dead languages?—*Punch.*

☞ Books Kept by Double Entry.—"Mr. Trim," said a wag, "how do you keep your books?" "Oh, by double entry?" "Double entry? How's that?" "Oh, easy enough; I make one entry, and father makes another."

☞ Negro Luxuries.—"You don't live as well now as when you worked for me, do you? You then had roast beef, mince pie, and loaf cake every day." Henry rolled up the white of his eyes, and replied, "Yes, Massa Coons, we did have roast beef, mince pie, and loaf cake ebery day; dat is, Massa Coons, if you call codfish all dem!"

☞ A Sensible Girl.—A youth, smitten with the charms of a beautiful maid, hinted his passion by shy looks, and now and then touching the fair one's feet with his toe, under the table. The girl bore his advances a little while in silence, when she cried out, "See here, if you love me, tell me so; but don't dirty my white stockings!"

☞ If, in instructing a child, you are vexed with it for want of adroitness, try, if you have never tried before, to write with your left hand; and remember that a child is all left hand.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE NORSEMEN UPON US.—Twenty thousand Swedes and Norwegians are reported to be getting in readiness to embark for the United States early in the coming summer. They will bring much wealth with them, and, what is better, they will bring confirmed habits of morality, industry and economy.

A GROCER woman died recently in Glasgow, Scotland, at the age of eighty-one, who left a fortune of $115,000, collected from earnings from a small shop which she had rented for about forty years. She was never married, and studiously avoided parting with a single farthing that she could avoid.

"CAN THE ETHIOPIAN CHANGE HIS SKIN?"—The Eufala (Ala.) Spirit, states that there is an old negro pilot on one of the Chattahoochee river steamers, whose skin is changing from a jet black to the fairest white. His neck and arms, as far down as his fingers, are of a smooth, soft, delicate whiteness, that would rival that of the tenderest, purest Circassian. His lips are of a soft, ruddy hue, and his face and body beginning to show the same radical, wonderful change.

A LETTER has recently been published from the captain of a ship who has carried back a colony of seventeen children of the mutineers of the Bounty to Pitcairn's Island. It seems they never felt sure that they should like the change to Norfolk Island, and left their habitations carefully fastened up and labelled as theirs, in case of their return.

TRAPPING must be a very profitable business in Kansas. If such luck as the following is common out there, we should think the gold mines would soon lose their attractions. The Leavenworth Dispatch says:—Two young men from Michigan recently went out on a trapping expedition to the Big Blue, taking with them a lot of "animal traps," (a kind of spring gun arrangement.) They returned to this city yesterday with $30,000 worth of furs, the result of a two month's trapping tour.

OPERATIC MOUSE.—A few evenings since a lady in Lexington, Michigan, was playing upon a melodeon, when a mouse emerged from a corner of the room, run up tremblingly to the instrument, then ascended the dress of the performer into her lap, and finally nestled under her basque. The little animal was in such a high state of ecstacy that it was utterly powerless, and had the performer continued a moment longer it would have expired.

RECENTLY, an infant was brought to a church near London to be christened. The minister proceeded with the rite until he came to the words "Name this child," when the mother named it "Lucy," by which name it was christened. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the mother informed the minister that she had made a serious mistake. Its name should have been Elizabeth instead of Lucy, as, of her three children, she had one already named Lucy. Unfortunately, however, the name could not be altered.

SEVERAL years since, Beverly Edwards, of Hempstead county, Arkansas, supposing he had killed a man in a fight, fled and has not been seen since. The injured man recovered, and now the family of Edwards are exceedingly anxious to hear some news of their long-lost relative.

IT may be satisfactory to the ladies to learn that, at the last Queen's drawing-room in London, there were some strikingly beautiful faces among the *debutantes;* that white was the favorite color, though here and there appeared a dotted dress or two of last year's favorite hue, *mauve;* that green was also much worn; that feathers were the rage, and that roses were the most fashionable flower; that Lady Gert[illegible] wore a costume very tastefully [illegible] lver and blue flowers, and that [illegible] ewelry; and that there were a f[illegible]ing thos[illegible]e Countess of Fife and dy John [illegible]ll of which the Court urnal tells us.

EARLY CHERRIES.—[illegible] Florida paper, of a recent date, has th[illegible] following announcement:—

Married, in Campbell[illegible]n, in the store of William Daniel, Jr., on the 21st of March, by [illegible] Hall, Esq., Master Robert Cherry, (aged sixteen years) to Miss Josephine Gregory (aged thirteen years.)

A BAD SIGN.—The Bath Times thinks it is a bad sign for a bachelor lawyer, when he gets up to speak in Court, to draw a woman's nightcap from his pocket on which to wipe his nose, thinking it a white handkerchief. The strings are apt to be noticed, and to awaken suspicions.

ANOTHER MECCA.—The Mormon faction under the leadership of Joe Smith, Jr., have recently been holding meetings in Illinois, Missouri, and Ohio, and have determined to re-establish themselves at Kirtland, Lake county, Ohio, where, not many years since, three thousand of that sect congregated and erected a magnificent temple. This temple is to be refitted in gorgeous style. Kirtland is a village pleasantly located on a branch of the Chagrin river. Smith is already on the ground, and the new "stake" will be in full blast in a few weeks. The re-establishment of Mormonism there on an extensive scale is said to have caused much excitement among the rural population.

CRINOLINE IN FRANCE.—"I think I must say," writes the Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveller, "that there are indications that crinoline is less in favor than it was. Ladies have appeared at Court altogether without crinoline, and the favorite beauties of those haremsof the town, the public balls, have discarded crinoline for petticoats frilled, and large only at the extremity of the skirt."

PEOPLE who are in the habit of patronizing lottery agents, will do well to make a note of the fact that all legal lotteries will cease in the State of Georgia on the first of June next. A law to this effect passed the Legislature of that State at its last session, and none but bogus Georgia lottery tickets will hereafter be offered.

COTTON SEED OIL.—A company, chartered by the Legislature of Tennessee, is about putting in operation, at Memphis, a factory for the extraction of oil from cotton seed—converting into the gold of commerce that which but a few years ago was a troublesome surplusage of the Southern plantation. The present capacity of the works is 500 gallons per day.

A LARGE SALE.—The Natchez, (Miss.,) Free Trader, says the largest sale ever made in Adams county, was commenced on the 16th ult. D. D. Wal her sold out his place, in the lower part of this county, (9,000 acres of land, with improvements, and 515 slaves,) to John K. Rigee, of Louisiana, for $1,001,200.

THE Elmira Press says that there is an elderly lady residing in that place, who has in her possession the remains of a piece of her own wedding-cake, which she has preserved for over forty years! It is wrapped up in the same piece of paper that was put around it to "dream by" on the night of her wedding.

ARIZONA—*What a Dubuque Man Thinks of It.*—A gentleman who formerly resided in Dubuque, but who is now an officer in the U. S. army, wrote to a friend his opinion of Arizona, as follows:

"We have just traveled over the much-talked of territory of Arizona. Such another God-forsaken, untimbered, unwatered and unfinished country never before fell under my vision, and my optics have run over a good deal of what is called bad country. The only thing that grows with any luxuriance is the pillar cactus. Some of these plants are thirty and forty feet high, and, with their straight, unleaved columns, look as barren as the country around them. As to the stories that are told of the agricultural attractions of the territory, they are all lies. I believe that God, in His wisdom, has supplied these hills with considerable mineral wealth, but beyond that they are worthless."—*Dubuque Times.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

Three days later news was received from Europe by the America at Halifax. The political news is unimportant, and the British Parliament had adjourned over for the Easter holidays. Heenan, the American prize fighter, was arrested at Derby early on the morning of Good Friday, and would be kept in custody until after the America sailed, when he would be brought before the magistrate. It was supposed that the fight with Sayers would be indefinitely postponed. It is reported that the steamer Great Eastern would be ready to sail on her American trip at the same time with the squadron which is to accompany the Prince of Wales to Canada in June. It is stated that the inhabitants of Savoy and Nice would vote in a few days, by universal suffrage, on the question of annexation to France. The London money market was slightly easier. The bullion in the Bank of England had decreased £387,000 during the week. The Easter holidays had produced quietness in the cotton market of Liverpool. The favorable influence of the treaty of commerce between France and England is already noticed. The export in the southern departments of France is considerably increased. Sardinia has claimed the political prisoners of the Legations. A dispatch from Florence states that the Ambassadors of France and England had taken down their escutcheons. The insurrection at Palermo had been suppressed, after an obstinate combat in the streets and houses. The insurrection at Messina still continues.

A HABEAS CORPUS TO OBTAIN A WIFE.—Last week Mr. J. H. Bogart, of Mississippi, at present residing in this city, applied to Judge Thompson, in the Quarter Sessions, for a writ of habeas corpus, to obtain the person of his wife, who was alleged to be restrained of her liberty by Mrs. G. A. Posey. The circumstances of the case were peculiar. The young lady, who was the subject of the writ, is about sixteen years of age, very wealthy, and a native of Alabama. She was placed at school in this city, and, while here, made the acquaintance of Mr. Bogart, and notwithstanding the efforts of Mrs. Posey, who had charge of the lady to prevent any communications between the parties, they met on Tuesday, and were married by the Rev. Mr. Bartine. When her absence was discovered the services of a detective, Mr. Bartholomew, were obtained, and the newly-married pair traced to their boarding-house, and the young lady was immediately separated from her husband, and given into the custody of Mrs. Posey, but by what authority it is difficult to discover. The writ of habeas corpus was issued, and to the officer who served it, Mrs. Posey stated that she would not produce the lady for all the judges in the city. Subsequently, the whole matter was amicably arranged, and the wife—late Miss Queen A. Rose—was allowed to join her husband.

A DESPERATE DUELLIST.—M. Lecomte tells the following story of Jullien, when the great leader was giving orchestral concerts in the Jardin Turc, at Paris:—

"One of his musicians, who had been a fencing-master in a regiment, had a dispute with him, and sent him a challenge. Jullien asked a week to prepare for the duel, and his request was granted. At the end of that time the encounter took place with swords, and he received a furious thrust, which ran him right through the body, the hilt of the weapon actually resting upon the wound, and his antagonist having naturally let go his sword, Jullien rushed upon him, and in his turn dealt him a desperate blow; after which, having thus revenged himself, he remained erect, with a sword sticking out of his back! Nobody daring to withdraw it, he himself had the energy to pluck it from the wound. It had made itself a passage which, wonderful to relate, interfered with none of the organs essential to life. A month afterwards Jullien had resumed his baton and his primrose gloves, and, pallid and in elegiac attitudes, he once more presided over those concerts to which the fame of his adventure now attracted all Paris."

FUNNY FASHIONABLES.—The New York Home Journal learns from Paris that several ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain have recently revived the fashion of parlor *cafes.* The mistress of the house, dressed as a simple *limonadiere,* seats herself behind a rich counter to receive her guests. These, after paying the usual compliments, arrange themselves around little tables, disposed nearly in the same manner as in the public *cafes.* There they amuse themselves with what games they please, and when they wish for refreshments call upon the servants of the house, who are arrayed in white vests and aprons instead of the usual livery. *Cafe* of this kind were held lately in a large mansion of the Rue de Varennes, by a certain Duchess, who announced that the first one would be for a charitable object. She had procured the bill of fare of the *Cafe Anglaise,* and fixed her own prices in accordance with it. The gratuity to the servants on this occasion was imperative. The receipts were very large. For fifteen days subsequently her *cafes* were gratuitous.

A DOG'S JOURNEY.—The following trait of sagacity in the canine race has been given us from an authentic source:—

"A brother of Mr. Esler, of the Johnson Reef, a short time since left the district, and went overland to Adelaide, taking with him a dog belonging to his brother. On arriving there, the dog appeared ill at ease; he determined to see whether he would return, and accordingly wrote a letter to his brother, and, enclosing it in a handkerchief, tied it to the neck of the dog, which then started. A letter was then posted to the brother here, with the somewhat laconic contents of—'Dear Brother,—Arrived here safely. Farther particulars see dog.' This was, of course, perfectly unintelligible to Mr. Esler till the day after receiving the letter per post the four-footed messenger arrived with his "farther particulars" round his neck. After his lonely journey of 600 miles he did not appear much fatigued, but seemed overjoyed at regaining his own town again."—*Bendigo Australia Advertiser.*

CHARLESTON CONVENTION.—The Convention met on Monday—signs uncertain. Gov. Wise has declined being a candidate, as he had not the delegation from his own State. The hotel keepers are dismayed by the slim attendance. Of the forty thousand provided for at a large outlay, not more than two thousand have made their appearance, and a large number of those eat, sleep and imbibe on the steamers.

A MR. ALBERT STRIN has been found guilty of supplying the citizens of Mobile with poisonous water, and fined $2,000, he having used lead instead of iron pipes for leads in the water-works of that city.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 190—Adults 91, and children 99.

☞ "Come here, my little man," said a gentleman to a youngster of five years, while sitting in a parlor where a large company was assembled. "Do you know me?" "Yith, sir." "Who am I, let me hear?" "You are the man who kithed mamma when papa was in New Ark."

☞ The boy who was caught looking into the future; has been arrested for trying to see the show without paying.

☞ A bad hat, taken to an evening party, frequently comes out the next day as good as new.

What Ladies Did in Days of Yore.

What were the womankind of the nobility and gentry of Europe about when their fathers, husbands, and sweethearts were at the Holy Land? Spun and wove all the bed and table linen, made all the fine clothing and embroidery, all the wine and preserves, distilled herbals for medicine, and studied surgery; became perfect in the art of nursing and midwifery; then off to the downs with hawk and hounds, and back to beef and strongest of ale.

Further on, Mary, Queen of Scotts, made half the royal bed-quilts of Europe, and no end of Gobelin tapestry. Nay, so careful was she of her curtains, that when she knew Darnley was to be "disposed of," she shifted her silk awnings the night before and replaced them with serge counterpanes and testers. She knew what good work was, and could not bear to have it soiled.

Even to the beginning, perhaps well into the middle of the last century, our great-great-grandmothers were too illiterate to be idle. The squire's wife was as resolute a worker as any in the parish, and "idle hussy" (a corruption of housewife) her most stinging epithet. Even Lady Bountiful was a "notable housewife." She had a soft place in her head, indeed, for Ranelagh, Chloe, and Sir Charles Grandison; but in the main the traditional industry of antiquity was a point of honor, of duty with her. She was not only industrious herself, but the cause of industry in others. In fact she kept her maids at work by working herself.

Pray, were they not genteel? Why, the Howards, the Plantagenets, the Jane Greys, and Lady Russels, considered it even low and vulgar to be of no use. A gentlewoman was only a lady by being horoughly accomplished in domestic utilities.

Even at the beginning of the century, the most distinguished old families in the United States, consumed or wore very little that they did not produce on their own estates. And in the reign of Charles I., the Hampdens, Pyms, and Hollisses, thought the court vulgar, and devoted themselves and their families to the development of their domestic resources, living, summer and winter, in the country upon their family acres. The farmer's wife and daughters, kept the profits of the butter, eggs, and poultry, and the spinet or harpsichord was heard at the great house alone.

☞ The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a gravedigger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.—*Jerrold.*

☞ EARTHY TASTE OF CAPE WINE.—Lyons McLeod, in his "Eastern Africa," relates, that the slight earthy taste of the wines of South Africa is attributable to the red dust of the country, the grapes, being generally covered with it, and not being washed before the wine is manufactured, of course impart this flavor to the wine.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 18 6		
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 6 " coupon '74s	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	102	103
" new	105½	106
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	38	45
All'gy City 6 pr ct	65	75
" County		
R R issue	37	43
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	96	96½
Penn 4 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	90	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	99½	—
Ohio " 1886	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 6's-5	114	115
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	138½	140
Philadelphia	128	129
Far & Mec	58	58½
Commercial	50	50½
N Liberty	—	61
Mechanics	26½	27
Southwark	89	—
P Township	35	35½
Kensington	64	67
Girard	—	43
Western	—	68
Man & Mec	26½	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	45	—
Consolidation	—	29½
Commonwealth	31	33½
Corn Exchange	—	21½
Germantown	—	48
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	58	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	122	—
Northern "	124	—
Louisville "	125	—
Farmers "	114	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	88	—
Planters "	—	100
N O Gas Light	121	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	74
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	—	1
New Grenada	—	—
N America Ins'co	17	20
N Libertias Gas	20	—
Southwark and Frankford P. R. Bonds	51	53½
	90	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	102	102½
2nd "	96	98½
stock	37½	38
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1856	—	95
stock	128	130
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	80
mort 6's '44	—	—
" '86	71½	72
stock	21½	21½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	88	90
stock	42	44
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	37	40
6 pr ct loan, '60	95½	—
Ches Val R R, '72	36½	—
Tioga R R, '75	—	95
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	56	58
2nd "	11½	13
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	1	1
Beaver Meadow stock	60	—
preferred 10 pr ct	80	—
North Penn's R R stock	8½	9½
6 pr ct loan	67	67½
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	47½	48
8 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	50½	—
Har & Lan R R stock	55½	56
bonds '73	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	13	15
Long Island R R stock	11½	12
bonds	82	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	93½	—
Michigan Central	67½	68½
Illinois "	57½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	74½	74½
imp, 6 pr ct	30	—
stock	—	3½
preferred	12½	13
Lehigh Nav stock	85	86½
mort 6 pr ct	100	101
scrip	34	33½
Morris Consol'd	30½	—
preferred	110	—
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	79	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	20
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1870	34	3
	30	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 21, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis
DELAWARE.	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore	par to ½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis
MAINE.	
Solv bks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solv bks	½ dis
VERMONT	
Solv bks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
Solv bks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solv bks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solv bks	½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Solv bks	½ to 1 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
Solv bks	½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	½ to 1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
Solv bks	½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	1 to 2½ dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All bks	uncertain
LOUISIANA	
Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
OHIO.	
Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1 to 1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks	3 dis
MISSOURI.	
Solv bks	2 dis
TENNESSEE.	
Old bks	1½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks	3 dis
TEXAS.	
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	— dis
CANADA.	
Solv bks	1 dis

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1300 head. The prices ranged from $8 to 9 ℔ 100 lbs for ordinary and good, and from $9½ to 10½ and 10¾ for prime and extra cattle. 3500 head of Sheep were sold at from 5 to 6c ℔ lb. 1000 head of Hogs were disposed of at from $7½ to 9 ℔ 100 lbs, according to quality. Cows—225 head having been sold at from $20 to 45.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

April 21.—BREADSTUFFS dull—Sales of 8500 bbls at $5,25@5,30 for State, and $5,90@6,05 for Ohio; Southern is buoyant and unchanged. Wheat dull; sales of 7500 bus at $1,47 for red Western. Corn quiet; sales of 10,000 bus at 75c for mixed, and 76c for yellow. Pork firm but quiet at $17,50@17,87½. Lard steady. Whiskey dull.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour continue light, and holders are very firm at the late advance. The demand, however, both for export and home use, has been limited, and the market rather quiet during the entire week. The sales comprise about 8000 bbls., part taken for shipment at $6 for superfine, $6,25@$6,37½ for common and good extra, $6,50 for extra family, and $7 for fancy do, including 1000 bbls extra and extra family sold on terms kept private, 200 bbls middlings at $4,37½ and 1000 bbls superfine, made from spring wheat, at $5,75 ℔ bbl. Holders generally are firm at $6 for standard superfine. The trade have been buying to a fair extent at the above rates for superfine and extras, and $7,25@7,50 ℔ bbl for fancy lots, as in quality. Rye Flour continues in demand and rather scarce, and about 400 bbls have been sold at $4,25 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal meets with a moderate inquiry, and some 800 bbls Penna., mostly better brands, sold at $3,62½ ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been rather more Wheat offering, but with a fair demand for milling, prices are well maintained, and for choice lots a further slight advance has been realized; the sales include about 25,000 bus in lots, in store and afloat, at $1,45@1,52 for common to choice reds, mostly at $1,50 for Penna, and $1,68@1,73 for white. Rye has been in fair demand, and some 5000 bus sold at 88@90c, as in quality; we quote at the former figures. Corn continues in request, and prime lots are scarce and wanted at full prices; the sales include about 28,000 bus at 75c for Southern and Penna yellow afloat, 68@73c for damaged lots, and 73@74c for white, as in quality. Oats are dull and lower, with sales of about 15,000 bus to note at 46@45c for Penna, and 45@44½c for Delaware. Barley is quiet, and a small business doing at 80@82c. Of Barley Malt: sales of 4000 bus two rowed Canada are reported at 95c, and 1500 bus New York at 90c.

PROVISIONS—The market for the hog product generally is without any quotable change, but holders at the close are firmer in their views, and the demand rather more active. Mess Pork has been selling in lots at $18½@18¾, including 200 bbls city packed at the latter rate. Prime is held at $15, and city mess Beef at $14@16 ℔ bbl, with small sales. Of Bacon the sales have been limited at 10½c for Sides, 8½c for Shoulders, and 10½@12½c for plain and fancy Hams, usual terms. Of Green meats about 1200 hhds and tes have been disposed of at 9½@10c for Hams in salt and pickle, mostly at the latter rate; Sides in salt at 9½c, Shoulders at 7½@7¾c. Some large sales of the latter have also been made loose, at 7½@7¾c, all on the usual credit. Lard is steady, and a moderate business doing at 11½@11¾c for bbls and tes, and 12@12½c for prime Western in kegs, usual time. About 400 pkgs common sold at 10¾@11c. Butter—Roll is scarce and wanted at 16@18c, but packed is neglected and quoted at 8@11c, as in quality. Cheese continues scarce and prices range at 12@13c ℔ lb. Eggs are more plenty, and worth 13c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The sales comprise about 1200 bales in lots, at from 10 to 13c for ordinary to middling fair Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time, mostly at from 11½ to 12½c for middling and middling fair Uplands, cash.

BARK—Quercitron is arriving more freely, and all offered, about 120 hhds, have been disposed of, in lots, at $30 for 1st No 1, at which rates it is wanted. Some coarse ground sold at $28 ℔ ton. No sales of Tanners' Bark have come under our notice.

BEESWAX is but little inquired for, and some small sales Yellow are reported at 33½c ℔ lb.

COAL—The market has been somewhat unsettled. Schuylkill W Ash Lump, ℔ ton, $3,20@3,35; Prepared do, $3,20@3,35; Red Ash do, $3,35@3,50; Lehigh, Lump, $3,50@3,60; Prepared do, $3,50@3,60; by retail, do, $4,25@4,50; Sch Prepared, do, $4@4,25.

COFFEE—There have been no further arrivals this week, and the stock in first hands is nearly exhausted. The buyers come forward slowly, however, and only some 700 bags have been disposed of, at 13½@14c for Rio and 14c for Laguayra, and 800 bags Cape at 13c, all on time.

COPPER—There is very little doing, and both sheathing and yellow metal are steady at quotations.

FEATHERS—The active season is over, and good Western sell slowly at 47@48c ℔ lb.

FRUIT is also quiet, and a small business doing in Apples and Peaches at quotations. The latter are scarce and high.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, per lb, $2@2,50; Rocky Mt, do. $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin do, 10@14c; Nutria do. 30@45c; Raccoon do, 30@60c.

HEMP—There is very little offering or selling, and prices are unchanged.

HIDES—The stocks and receipts continue light, and the market firm. Buyers, however, come forward slowly, and we are only advised of a sale of a recent import of Caracas at a price kept private.

HOPS continue dull, and a small business to note at 10@15c, as in quality.

IRON—The market for this staple is firm, but the demand for all kinds continue limited, the sales of Pig metal comprising only some 500 tons at $23 for Anthracite No 1, and $22 for No 2 on time, at which rates it is freely offered, Scotch Pig is scarce, and selling in a small way at $25@25½ usual credit. Of Blooms, we note sales of 300 tons in lots at $55@60, 6 months, the latter for Boiler blooms. In manufactured Iron there is also very little doing, and Bars and Rails sell slowly at quotations.

LEAD is in light stock, and firm; a small sale of Virginia was made at $5,80, and 500 pigs Galena at $5,90 the 100 lbs, equal to cash.

LEATHER—Good Spanish Sole and Slaughter maintain previous quotations, with a fair demand, mostly to supply the home trade, but other kinds are but little inquired for.

LUMBER—The market is steady, and rather more active; among the sales we notice white pine boards at $14@17; yellow sap do at $15@16 and Southern flooring at $18 ℔ M.

MOLASSES—Prime quality continues in request at full prices. A cargo of Clayed Cuba sold for boiling at 26½c; some Muscovado at 33@34c; Porto Rico at 43c, and New Orleans in lots at 45@47c, all on the usual terms. The receipts are light.

PLASTER is unchanged and sales of soft are reported at $3,75 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—There has been quite a movement in Clover seed within the last few days, and some 2000 bus have been disposed of in lots at from $4,50 to 5 ℔ bus, mostly at $4,75@5 ℔ bus, the latter for prime, which is an advance. Timothy is also in request, and finds ready sale at $3,50@3,75 ℔ bus. Of red top, large sales have been made at $2,10@2,20 ℔ sack, now held higher. Flaxseed is coming in slowly, and domestic is selling at $1,60@1,62 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—There is rather more doing in Brandies, and holders are very firm in their views. Gins are steady. N E Rum moves off as wanted at 35@36c. Whiskey is rather lower; the demand, however, is better. Penna bbls selling at 21@21½c, Ohio do 22@22½c, Drudge 19½c, and hhds 20½@21c.

SUGARS—The market has been inactive, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers, and some 850 hhds have been disposed of at from 5½ to 7½c for Cuba; 6½@7½c for New Orleans, and 7@8c for Porto Rico, on time; 63 hhds of the latter sold by auction at 6½@7½c, usual terms. Some small sales of box Sugars are reported at 7@7½, on time.

TALLOW—There is very little city offering or selling, and the market is quiet at 10½c ℔ lb.

TOBACCO remains quiet, but without any change in prices, and about the usual business to note in manufactured.

WOOL—The sales comprise some 65,000 lbs, in lots, including common and fine fleece within the range of quotations, and foreign on terms kept private.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, at the Church of the Atonement, by the Rev. Benj. Watson, DAVID E OAK, of this city, to ELLA K. BRAM, eldest daughter of Amos Keeler, of New York city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Jas. M. Crowell, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. HERMANN W. LUDERS, of Tremont, Schuylkill county, Pa. to Miss MARIANNA, daughter of Thos. Bellas, Esq. of this city.

On Tuesday, 17th instant, at Grace Church, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, CHARLES BOXILL, of Barbadoes, W. I. to MARY, youngest daughter of the late Zachariah H. Taylor, Esq. of this city.

On Sunday, April 15th, by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Mr. WILLIAM SCHWAB, of Bordentown, to Miss LUCY, only daughter of Elias Alloway, of Mount Holly, N. J.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Sheppard, Mr. MARTIN V. B. MELCHER, to Miss ELIZABETH CRAMP, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN ZEHNER, Jr. to Miss REBECCA F. daughter of Mr. JOHN WHITE, both of this city.

On the 19th inst., by the Rev. F. J. Barbelin, S. J., JAMES M. MURPHY to ROSE A., daughter of the late John Darragh.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, WILLIAM R. SMITH, aged 66 years.

At West Wheatland, Chester county, on the 16th instant, after a long and severe illness, CATHARINE AMELIA, daughter of Hugh Mooney, formerly of this city.

On Monday, 16th instant, JOHN S. MORRIS, aged 74 years.

At Camden, on Monday evening, the 16th instant, JOSEPH F. SMITH, of Gracebery Place, near Haddonfield, N. J. in his 73d year.

On the 16th instant, Mr. SAMUEL HUFFERY, aged 59 years.

On Fourth month, 16th instant, ISAAC BARBER, in his 32d year.

On the morning of the 15th instant, after a severe illness, JACOB S. ROYAL, in his 63d year.

At her residence, in Chester, on the 13th instant, ELIZABETH S. PRICE, in her 38th year.

On the 15th instant, WILLIAM YOUNG, son of Wm. and Mary Arnold, in his 22d year.

On Monday, 16th instant, JOHN E. AUSTIN, aged 41 years.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM BARNES, in his 84th year.

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THE HUDSON FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.
THE LONDON ART JOURNAL, for April, is now ready, containing Part IV. of a new series of Papers descriptive of the COURSE OF THE HUDSON, from its Source to the Sea, by Benson J. Lossing, Profusely Illustrated with Original Engravings on Wood from actual Sketches taken in the Autumn of the past year.
The Number for April also contains Three Beautiful Steel Engravings and numerous Engravings on Wood.
The Number for January commences a New Volume, and affords a favorable opportunity for New Subsc

Wit and Humor.

OBEY YOUR WIFE.

Three jovial fellows—Tom Watson, Joe Brown and Bill Walker—sat late at the village tavern, and in the merriment of their hearts made an arrangement that the "shot" should be paid by him who omitted to do the first thing his wife told him on returning home. They then separated for the night, engaging to meet again next morning and make an honest report. Next morning Walker and Brown were early at their posts, but it was some time before Walker made his appearance. Walker began first—"You see, when I entered my house the candle was out, and as the fire gave but a glimmering light, I was near walking into a pot of batter that the crumpets were to be made of this morning. My wife, dreadfully out of humor at sitting up so long, said to me sarcastically, 'Do put your foot in the batter!' 'Just as you say, Maggy,' said I, and without the least hesitation, I set my foot in the batter, and then went to bed." Next Joe Brown told his story—"My wife had already retired to rest in our sleeping-room, which adjoins the kitchen, and the door of which was ajar. Not being able to navigate perfectly well, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and in no very pleasant tone she bawled out, 'Do break the porridge pot, Joe!' No sooner said than done. I seized hold of the pot, and, striking it against the chimney jamb, broke it in a hundred pieces. After this exploit I retired to rest, and got a curtain lecture for my pains." It was now Tom Watson's turn to give an account of himself, which he did with a very long face as follows—"My wife gave me the most unlucky command in the world, for as I was blundering up stairs in the dark, she cried out, 'Do break your neck; do, Tom!'—'I'll be cursed if I do Kate,' said I, as I gathered myself up, 'I'll sooner pay the bill.' And so, landlord, here's the cash for you. This is the last time that ever I'll risk a sovereign on the command of my wife."

WOULD NOT TAKE COPPERS.

A young man from the rural districts went to a post-office in New York with a bank note, for a dollar's worth of stamps. He was told that paper money was not received. He went for Spanish quarters—"We don't receive them now," said the attendant, "for more than twenty cents apiece." The countryman thought Uncle Sam mighty particular, so he went and obtained a dollar's worth of coppers. "Now," said he, on returning to the office, and laying down his pile on the window of delivery, "I guess I can suit ye." The man inside looked at the display of coppers, and coolly replied:—"We never take more than three cents in copper at one time; it is not a legal tender above that sum." The countryman looked at the composed official for the space of a minute without stirring, and then belched out: "Look here, you—ain't you *mighty kind of partic'lar*, for fellows backed up in such a jail as this 'ere? You don't take only three cents of copper at a time, boy? Well, then, s'pose you give me three cents' worth of stamps, anyhow." The official very politely cut him off a single stamp, and passed it out, for which the countryman laid down three cents. He was about to pass away, when the latter cried out:—Look here, you—that ere's one time. Now, s'pose you give me three cents' worth more on 'em!" Uncle Sam's clerk was not slow in discovering that he had caught a Tartar. He turned back to the window, and asked:—"How many coppers have you got?" "Well, only about ninety-seven of 'em! I had a hundred when I begun." "Pass them in," was the gruff reply. "Pass out your stamps fust, and then I will: but I reckon you won't ketch me agin." The stamps were passed out and the coppers handed over, when the countryman went off, saying:—"I s'pose because a feller holds office under Uncle Sam, he thinks he's smarter'n all creation; but I guess they larnt something *that* time."

A MELANCHOLY QUADRUPED.—I remember going to a horse-fair with Paddy O'Hara, of Merton, and that we overtook on the road an agriculturist of a staid and sullen deportment. He was riding by a rustic groom, who led a handsome but somewhat heavy-looking horse, too good for harness, but scarcely good enough for hunting, though the farmer evidently regarded him as quite the animal for High Leicestershire. Well, we pulled up the tandem, that we might examine the animal, (thinking ourselves amazingly knowing in horse-flesh, as under-graduates do,) and O'Hara led off with "good-morning."

"Good-morning," replied Agricola, but very sternly.

"It's lonely your horse is looking this morning, sir," continued Pat, as serious as a mute.

"Don't know what you mean," said the farmer.

"Oh, sure," replied O'Hara, with an expression of intense grief, as though his heart bled for the poor quadruped, "it's desolate and melancholy, and bereaved, he's looking, and very, very lonely—*without the plough!*"

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.—A nice young gentleman in one of the Southern States, after a long and arduous courtship, found himself, one bright evening, the betrothed of a pretty girl, the very pink of modesty. On a certain occasion, he was about to take his departure, and after lingering about the door for some time in a fidget of anxiety, he declared and protested to Miss Nancy, that he couldn't and wouldn't leave until she had kissed him. Of course Miss Nancy blushed beautifully red, and protested in turn that she could not and would not do that—she never had done such a thing, and never would until she got married—so now he had it. The altercation and debate became deep and exciting, until the betrothed bluffed outright, and declared if he couldn't kiss her he wouldn't have her, and was marching off. She watched him to the gate, and saw the "fat was in the fire," unless something was done. "Come back then," said she, coaxingly, "I'll split the difference with you—you may squeeze my hand!"

A HARMLESS RECREATION.

The following colloquy took place between an enthusiastic admirer and player of a game of ball, and a gent whose regard for his personal comfort led him to eschew such "unruly sports," as he termed them:—

"What is the matter with your fingers?"

"Struck by a ball and drove up," was the reply; "but it is a noble game."

"Precisely—and your thumb; it is useless, is it not?"

"Yes, struck with a ball and broken."

"That finger joint?"

"A ball struck it; no better game to improve a man's physical condition; strengthens one's sinews."

"You walk lame—that foot, isn't it?"

"No; it's the—the—well, a bat flew out of a player's hand, and hit my knee pan. He had the innings."

"One of your front teeth is gone?"

"Knocked out by a ball; an accident, though."

"Your right hand and your nose have been peeled—how's that?"

"Slipped down—at second base—a mere scratch."

"And you like all this kind of fun?"

"Glory in it, sir. It is a healthy game, sir."

A BAD MEMORY.—Tim McGowen, a gallant fellow, lost his life in the Mexican war. He had lost his arm when a boy by having the limb crushed under a wheel of a jaunting car in the "ould country." His surviving brother, Dennis, never ceased boasting of Tim's exploits. In a Moyamensing bar-room, the other evening, Dennis began on the old theme of the Mexican war, dwelling with particular emphasis on the heroic deeds of his deceased relative. "Och, murder, but you ought to have seen Tim at Rye-sack a-dollar pole me, (meaning Reseca de la Palma.) He caught two Mexican blackguards by the cuffs of their necks, and kilt them both as dead as a herring by knocking their heads together." "How could that be when your brother had but one arm?" "Bless your sowl," answered Dennis, "one arm had he? That's sure enough for ye; but then see, Tim forgot all about that when he got in a fight."

FEMININE INERTNESS.

There is, with regard to the springs of activity, a mental difference between the two sexes, which has no small influence on their different careers. Women generally require the stimulus of a moral motive to urge them to much exertion; while to the more naturally active constitutions of men a hundred worldly objects offer inducement enough. There is no need to speak of what all acknowledge with reverence—the beauty and strength of woman's self-devotion; but there *feeling* has endowed her with powers and made exertions possible which we doubt her making under the mere pressure of worldly motives. The same thing is seen, in some measure, in physical exertion. Very few women can habitually take great exercise; a few miles' walk will satisfy the strongest; but the additional energy which a man expends in carrying a gun, she finds in some call upon her kindly services; and hours in the nursery or sick-room, days of watching and sleepless nights, are not too much for the strength that shrank from walking over a hill. It seems necessary that their emotional nature—the source alike of their weakness and of their power—should be aroused to endow them with vigor for continuous exertion. So we believe that with very much the greater number of women, money-making and the distant hope of advancement will not stimulate them to that resolute industry, that hard systematic work by which alone men improve their fortunes.

"BE GENTLE. BE COURTEOUS."

The writer was passing once along a narrow pavement. A young man, in coarse apparel, at our approach stepped aside, with great alacrity, and into the mud edging the path. He did not bow, he waved no hand, he moved without grace, and yet the whole was evident courtesy.

After passing, the thought arose, should we not acknowledge and thank for behaviour so unusual in a young man in this brazen age. We went back. Offering our hand, we said, "Young man, shake hands with me!" "Certainly, sir, but why do you wish it?" "Because you are a kind-hearted fellow, and a true gentleman; you gave *all* the path to me!" "Sir, I would step into the *gutter* for an elderly man!" "God bless you, young man! May you become a believer in our Lord Jesus Christ, whose servant I profess myself; and may we meet in heaven, if we never meet on earth!"

Tears stood in the eyes of both! and when we said good bye, our hands seemed to be a love-tie binding our hearts; and we were, at that moment, improved as citizens and republicans. Reader! "be courteous!"—*Christian Intelligencer.*

POPE, THE GREAT POET.—Sir Joshua Reynolds once saw Pope. It was about the year 1740, at an auction of books or pictures. He remembers that there was a lane formed to let him pass freely through the assemblage, and he proceeded along bowing to those who were on each side. He was, according to Sir Joshua's account, about four feet six high: very humpbacked and deformed; he wore a black coat: and, according to the fashion of that time, had on a little sword. Sir Joshua adds, that he had a large and very fine eye, and a long handsome nose; his mouth had those peculiar marks which always are found in the mouths of crooked persons; and the muscles which run across the cheek were so strongly marked as to appear like small cords.—*Life of Malone.*

CAN WE SEE OUR OWN EYES?—Yes; for sight is effected by means of the rays of light that proceed from the visible object to the eye. In every instance the rays are turned, more or less, from their course. Whether this deflection be cause by refraction or reflection is immaterial; if the visual ray reaches the eye, the object is seen. We speak, indeed, of seeing an image in a mirror, but the image has no actual existence except in the mind. The mirror merely turns back the rays of light so that they reach the eye, and thus enables us to as truly see the object itself as when we look directly at the object through the air, glass, or other refracting medium.

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPHIC DODGE.

ARTIST PHOTOGRAPHIC (*to Clerical Old Gentleman*).—"Here y' are, sir; c'rrect likeness warranted at this establishment, sir; frame and glass included, and brandy and water *always* on the table!"

Agricultural.

DEEP PLOUGHING.

We copy an article from the Genesee Farmer, (says the Massachusetts Ploughman) showing the folly of deep ploughing for corn. Most of our writers on this subject are not practical men. When they "take pen in hand," as most of them do, without any practical knowledge, they are bound to tell stories different from the established rules observed by practical farmers.

They find, for instance, that a farmer often obtains fifty bushels of corn per acre by manuring and ploughing six inches deep. Now the writer proceeds mathematically, and teaches positively, that if ploughing half a foot deep will produce fifty bushels per acre, ploughing a whole foot deep will produce one hundred bushels per acre.

This may all be as true on paper, as the multiplication table, and yet the sum does not always come out proof.

We are limited in our harvests by the necessity of heat and air. If we could have double crops by ploughing doubly deep we should save half our planting lands for other purposes.

But it does not yet appear that the corn harvest would be increased in the least by this ploughing a double depth. The probability is that no more corn per acre could be harvested by this deep ploughing than by that of the usual depth—say six or seven inches.

Corn roots are not inclined to run deep. If they did the stalks would keep green much longer, and the ears would ripen later, or not ripen at all. Other roots may run deep without detriment. But corn is a crop that must mature early.

Therefore a farmer who ploughs twelve inches deep for corn will run more risk in a backward season than if he had plonghed but six or seven inches.

But if he ploughs very deep he must manure as deep to induce the roots to go down. But till it is fairly proved that more corn may be raised by deep ploughing than otherwise, farmers will take care and not bury manures or any part of them so deep as to run the risk of injury to the crop.

But where are we to get manure for the bottom of the land so deeply ploughed? All complain of a want of manure on furrows six or seven inches deep? Where are we to find manure to be put in so deep? The Illinois correspondent of the Farmer, to whose article we have alluded, says:—

"Farming has been my only business for the last twenty years, and the longer I follow the plough the more I am convinced of my ignorance of the reasons of such slight mistakes which we often make and which prove so disastrous to our prosperity. For instance, a few days too early or too late in sowing wheat will prove to be almost as many hundred dollars damage to the crop. Also, in rotation of crops, how little do we know of this important part of our work.

"In regard to the cultivation of corn, I wish to draw your attention to a few facts which have come to my knowledge within a few years. Some seven years ago, a six acre field was ploughed very deep for this country, say twelve inches—about twice as deep as the common practice. It was sown with wheat the first year, and the second and third years planted in corn, continuing to plough nearly as deep in the spring of each year. The ground was so light and loose that the corn all fell down before the ears grew of any size; therefore the crop was almost a failure both seasons, while other fields near by cultivated no better, produced double the crop. Another instance—a ten acre field cultivated in wheat four seasons in succession, and ploughed twice every year, and no weeds allowed to get ripe; planted in corn the next three seasons, ploughed very deep each year—about twelve inches—and kept clean from weeds. The first two seasons produced very fine crops, equal to any in the vicinity: third year, the corn grew as usual very fine, stood up very straight till the middle of July, and then fell down before the ears matured, so that many of them were not more than three or four inches long; and did not produce half as much as that on the other side of the fence, which has never been ploughed more than six inches deep, allowed to grow up to weeds some years, and, as we say sometimes, 'half cultivated.'

"I never saw land in better condition to grow garden seeds than was this ten acre field last spring, and it remained so during the summer. As far as the eye could detect, nothing could hinder it from producing a fine crop. The stalks fell down in every direction. It was not the wind that caused them to fall; it was no chintz bug which sometimes does damage to crops, and no other insect that could be seen. The roots did not take hold of the ground sufficiently to hold the stalks up. In the fall a man could pull up a stalk with his thumb and finger, and sometimes a whole hill at a time.

"My attention has been directed to this subject more this season than ever before, and I find that farmers who have never used three horses abreast in ploughing for corn, and have not ploughed more than six inches deep, have invariably had good standing corn, while those who have ploughed deep for years have suffered from falling crops. And now, as this subject of deep ploughing is in everybody's mouth and in all agricultural papers, and although I am a firm believer in it myself, if managed in a more economical and scientific (I don't like that word *exactly*, and will say more sensible) manner, I want for the sake of argument to take the negative side of the subject, and will some time say more about it."

SALT ON LAYING DOWN MEADOW LAND.—S. Pierce, writing to the Maine Farmer, relates that in his youth he met with the statement that one part of the old English method of laying down land to grass, was to "plough or harrow in seven bushels of salt per acre, and the result was, they got a heavy crop of hay for ten years." He has employed salt on potatoes and corn with good results, but having only a few acres of land, and no permanent meadow, had not thoroughly tried this experiment. But one of his neighbors, who was noted for cutting almost invariably a heavy crop of hay, and generally two crops in a season, told him (in reply to his mention of the English method mentioned above,) "that is the very secret why I get so much hay." His mode of applying was to put on six bushels per acre, and harrow it in before sowing his grain and grass seed.

DRIVING POSTS FOR BOARD FENCES.—A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer, says that he can set posts better and far more rapidly by driving with a maul or iron sledge, when the ground is just free from frost and still wet and soft, than by digging holes. His posts are sawed seven feet long, and four by five inches in size, and then carefully and regularly sharpened, so as to put the "top end down." The posts are held steady or turned when necessary, by using a long handled iron wrench, made just large enough to slip over the top of the post. On loamy or clayey land, free from large stone, posts can be driven with great expedition and will stand firmly, the earth around them being well packed by the crowding of the post.

TRAINING LIMA BEANS.—A Baltimore correspondent of the Gardener's Monthly says that though the following is but a small hint, yet by it Lima beans may be gathered two weeks before the usual time, and so, perhaps, may be useful. Instead of having long and stout poles only, as is usual, I tie on lateral slender rods with a willow wand, horizontally, and so train the vines, much in fact, as you would do a grape vine. It takes but a few minutes to give my small plot of plants a tendency to run on the lateral poles, and I am well rewarded by their extra earliness. I cannot explain why they should be earlier than when they run on upright poles: but such is the fact, and you may have it for what it is worth.

WALKING HORSES.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, suggests the offering of premiums at annual county fairs for fast walking as well as fast trotting horses. He says he knew a man who kept from two to four teams at work on the road, and never allowed them to trot at all; yet he made the distance in quicker time than his neighbors who made their horses trot at every convenient place. He said that when a horse walked after trotting, he walked much slower than his common gait, if kept continually on the walk, and thus lost more than he gained by the trotting.

DELUDED WOMEN.

"Do you think a man is oftener taken in, in matrimony, than a woman?" "No," he replied, "I don't. I think it's the other way. As I said before, recollect it's him that proposes. In a general way, he gets spooney, goes right up to her head, and marries. Sometimes it's the gal he admires, and sometimes her money or rank; but he commonly plays the first card, and leads off for her to follow suit. I say commonly, for women know how to put it into a man's head, and make him think it's all his own doings. Well, havin' made up his mind, nothin' ever stops him. He flatters not with homœopathic doses, but draughts that would choke a camel. He swears as false as a feller did who deposed to knowing a fusee ever since it was a pistol, when he heard it was called 'a son of a gun.' He vows eternal love, and takes his davy he'll die of a broken heart, or drown himself if he's refuzed. Men know what liars men are, but women don't; and how should a poor gal tell, who ain't permitted to look at men's faces, to see if they are stamped with deceit or not. How can she study physiognomy? She is all truth herself (if properly brought up), and confides in others. She knows she was made to be loved, and when a man vows he does adore her to distraction, and she knows that the word adoration is only applied to angels, why shouldn't she think she is one, and believe the man who adores her? No, poor critter, she is oftener took in than the false lover is. Now, when the fraud is found out, whichever it was that cheated (sometimes both are let in for a bad bargain), and when contempt, and then hatred, and then squabblin' and fightin' comes, ain't it better for both to cry quits?"—*The Season Ticket.*

CASUAL WORDS.—A casual word—mere sounding breath—how light its import seems! how "big with fate" it often proves! Not alone words that are the voice of daily thoughts, but words that are only the utterance of a transient emotion, forgotten soon as felt; words that are but an idly spoken impulse melt not away with the air that hold them, but assume mysterious shapes of good or evil to influence and haunt the hearer's life! These casual words are seed scattered perchance by liberal, perchance by thoughtless hands; though lightly, unpremeditatedly dropped, if they fall upon receptive minds, upon open, fertile soils, they strike vigorous roots; germinate in silence and darkness, and, before we know that they are planted, bring forth grapes or thistles. Blessed are they whose paths on earth may be tracked by the good seed sown in passing words!

"HE WHO RUNS MAY READ."—In the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in introducing his Budget, occurs the oft-quoted saying, that "he who runs may read." I suppose the quotation came originally from the Old Testament. But if so, I am inclined to think that the sense of the passage differs from that in which it is generally quoted, and in which Mr. Gladstone, for example, has used it. In Habakkuk ii. 2, the passage occurs:—"Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it." Not "he who runs may read," but "he may run who reads." The sense, therefore, I take to be, "that he who sees the Divine message may perceive that there is no time to be lost in flying from the impending judgment," instead of the ordinary acceptation, "that even a man running past may be able to read it."—*Notes and Queries.*

Useful Receipts.

TO PROTECT A SHINGLE ROOF FROM FIRE.—Says the editor of the Albany Knickerbocker—"A wash composed of lime, salt and fine sand, or wood ashes, put on in the ordinary way of whitewashing, renders the roof fifty fold more safe against taking fire from falling cinders or otherwise, in cases of fire in the vicinity. It pays the expense a hundred fold in its preserving influence against the effect of the weather. The older and more weather-beaten the shingles, the more benefit derived. Such shingles generally become more or less warped, rough, and cracked; the application of the wash, by wetting the upper surface, restores them at once to their original or first form, thereby closing the space between the shingles, and the lime and sand, by filling up the cracks and pores in the shingle itself, prevents its warping for years if not forever.

REMEDY FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.—A Saxon forester, named Gastell, now of the venerable age of eighty-two, unwilling to take to the grave with him a secret of so much importance, has made public in the Leipsic Journal, the means which he has used for fifty years, and wherewith he affirms he has rescued many human beings and cattle from the fearful death of hydrophobia. Take immediately warm vinegar or tepid water, wash the wound clean therewith and then dry it; then pour upon the wound a few drops of hydrochloric acid, because mineral acids destroy the poison of the saliva.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR PRESERVES.—A lady writer in an exchange, communicates the following bit of information obtained where she "took tea last." A dish of what I took to be preserves, was passed to me, which, upon tasting, I was surprised to learn, contained no fruit. The ease with which it was prepared, and the trifling cost of its materials, are not its chief recommendations, for, unless my tasting apparatus deceived me, as it is not usually wont to do, it is emphatically a tip-top substitute for apple sauce, apple-butter, tomato preserves, and all that sort of thing. Its preparation is as follows:—Moderately boil a pint of molasses from five to twenty minutes, according to its consistency; then add three eggs, thoroughly beaten, hastily stirring them in, and continue to boil a few minutes longer, when season with a nutmeg or lemon.

FINE GINGERBREAD.—Rub one pound of butter well into three pounds of flour: then add one pound of powdered sugar, one pound of molasses, two ounces of ground ginger and one nutmeg grated. Warm a quarter of a pint of cream, and mix all together. Make it into a stiff paste, and bake it in a slow oven."

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.

My 15, 17, 14, 11, 3, 9, 6, 22, 31, 36, 9, is a city and country in South America.

My 19, 14, 7, 20, 32, 25, 21, 30, is one of the United States.

My 13, 3, 18, 36, 17, 34, 25, 9, is a country and gulf in Central America.

My 15, 17, 1, 5, 20, 8, 10, is a large city in New York.

My 29, 16, 12, 28, 30, 11, 4, 23, 13, is a people in South Africa.

My 33, 33, 24, 27, 19, 14, 26, is a group of islands in the Arctic ocean.

My whole is the title of a book on Spiritualism.

Harden Co., Ohio. J. K. TRISSLER.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 5, 1, 14, is often seen by a door.

My 7, 6, 20, 19, is a weed that grows in wheat.

My 13, 12, 4, is a lady's name.

My 3, 16, 10, 11, 20, is one who instructs.

My 8, 2, 20, 11, 20, 4, is the goddess of morning.

My 15, 9, 17, 19, is a long eared animal.

My whole is a Latin proverb.

Princeton, N. J. L. T.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If my first you're very anxious to know,
Then it to you I'll by example show:
Take a piece of sord—(but one and not more,)
Cut it through (but once,) and then you'll have four.

But ah! dear puzzlers, four are too many.
Take only one of those four, if any,
I dare say my first you then will have found,
Which here's neither long, short, broad nor round.

Of my second I am sure you have two,
If not then it is to me something new.
I've one to my left, and one to my right,
During all the day long and at midnight.

Persons in every family should do
One to another, as my whole tells you.
Then I am sure they will all as happy be
As the little birds off on yonder tree. J. J. W.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One of the United States.
A country of Africa.
A cape on the coast of Spain.
A country of Europe.
A kingdom of Europe.
A division of Tartary.
A country of Asia.

The initials form a state, and the finals one of its cities.

West Chester, Pa. W.

RIDDLE

Without the head, see
The guardians of our and;
Without the foot, nea y behold
One of my first, both ve and bold,
On bended knee rec eth me,
Victoria's gift for bravery.
My whole, to man a glorious sight,
Oft to my first brings life and light.

ANAGRAMS

On Counties in New York State.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Snig not haw.	Easnec.
Sanbal.	Hen eat deccy.
Lean ros.	Satey.
O! gas, a rat.	Mutpau.
So we go.	Men go romty.

Valley Falls, N. Y. Kate Willis.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A number consists of 4 figures in geometrical progression. The sum of the 1st and 4th is 1¼ times that of the 2nd and 3rd, and the continued product of the figures, increased by their sum, is 79. Required, the number?

Northfolk, Ky. M. DURANT.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a surface whose diameter is 20 inches; if a grain of shot begins to move at the extremity of its vertical diameter, and rolls down the surface of the sphere, how far will the point at which it will leave the sphere be from the point of starting, measuring the distance on the surface of the sphere?

Scrabble Hill, Pa. GEOMETRICUS.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a tender-hearted person like a housekeeper with little furniture? Ans.—Because he is easily moved.

☞ When may a man be said to be literally immersed in business? Ans.—When he's giving a swimming lesson.

☞ Why is troy weight like a thief? Ans.—Because it has no scruples.

☞ Why was Herodias the fastest woman of her day? Ans.—Because she got a head of John the Baptist on a charger.

☞ What axles on a railroad train are most likely to be broken? Ans.—The *tender* axles, of course.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—A good word for a bad one is worth much and costs little. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Saturday Evening Post. CHARADE—Fox-glove. TRANSPOSITIONS—Shape. ANAGRAMS—Coachmaker, Carpenter, Tinsmith, Shoemaker, Merchant, Printer, Weaver, Tailor, Cabinet-maker, Brick-maker, Mason, Butcher, Tanner, Button-maker, Mantua-maker, Stone-cutter, Painter, Bookbinder. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM—At 50 yards. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—47 geese, 49 turkeys.

Answer to M. Durant's PROBLEM, published March 10th—26071 68-241 square miles more than half of the moon's surface invisible. The tangent is infinite. WM. M. ELY.

Holly, Orleans Co., N. Y.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM, published June 18, 1859—The diameter of required circle is 23,174 rods.